



Merry Christmas

To Charlie Briggs.

From Grand. Ma

Dec, 25, 1896,

FRED LAWRENCE;

OR,

THE WORLD-COLLEGE

BY

MARGARET E. TELLER.

Struggle. thou art better for the strife, and the very energy shall hearten thee.
Good is taught in a Spartan school, hard lessons and a rough discipline

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TO MY BROTHERS,
WITH THE HOPE
THAT FOR THEM THE DISCIPLINE OF
The World-College
MAY PRODUCE THE HIGHEST DEVELOPMENT
OF MIND AND HEART,
This Little Sketch
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

FRED LAWRENCE,

OR,

The World-College.

CHAPTER I.

"He whose ardor brightly burneth
With a purpose true and strong,
In the end a laurel earneth
Nobler than the highest song."

"I TELL you, Fred, it is a great shame you don't go to college. You deserve it better than any other one in the academy. Here am I, poor dog! at the foot of all my classes, and destined, for aught I see, to remain so to the end of my course; and there are you at the head, smarter than all the rest of us put together, and loving study as a fish loves water, obliged to quit all your favorite employments to bury yourself in a dusty counting-room, over stupid ledgers. For me it

would be a good enough punishment for my laziness at school, but for you, I say it is a shame."

"Oh, well, Charley, the matter is all settled now, and there is no use crying about it. I should like a collegiate education very much, of course. I used to think there was no such thing as living without it; but I begin to think that, after all, it isn't the chief end of man to go through college."

"What is, then? to grow hump-backed over account-books?"

"Not exactly; but to do one's duty, whatever disagreeable consequences it may involve."

The two boys were sauntering slowly home from school, on the summer afternoon that closed their academic year.

Fred Lawrence and Charley Mason had been boon companions during the years in which they had been thrown together as schoolmates. They were not yet of an age when wealth and social position interpose

their barriers between those whom God hath joined together by congeniality of temperament; and though Charles was the petted child of luxury, while Frederic was reared in poverty, and accustomed to toil and privation, there had sprung up between them an attachment of unusual strength and purity.

"I can tell you a reason, Charley," said Fred, "that will explain why I give up the hope of a liberal education so easily. It is my own choice. I had the offer of a collegiate course, and, after thinking it over, concluded to decline."

"You—decline!"

"Yes, for though I valued the noble generosity of the proposal, I was not willing to be dependent for so great a favor. And, besides, Charley, you must know that, as the only son, I have a sort of pride in the hope of furnishing a support to my mother and sister. I think it would be rather selfish—don't you?—to take six or seven years now for my own improvement, and leave all

the burden of their maintenance upon my mother."

"You are quite right, Fred, as you always are. I had no idea that you had so strong reasons for going into business."

"I wanted you to know all about it; though I suppose it isn't exactly the fashion to talk about such affairs. We have been pretty good friends, haven't we, Charley, all these years? We shall never be so much together again."

"That's half that makes me wish you were going to college, or that I could stay at home. I always had a passion for going to new places, and seeing new things; but now it seems that I am losing a great deal in making the change. Next Monday I go into the country, and as soon as I come back, off for New Haven."

"And next Monday, I go to business."

"You're a noble fellow, Fred, and I'm mistaken if you don't turn up something better than the whole crew of college boys, after

all. And yet, with a mind like yours, you ought to be educated."

"And I *will* be educated," said Frederic, proudly. "The world is my university, Charley, and it is as large a one as most persons have to study in."

"Well, Fred, success to you! I always said you were a genius, and you will prove my sagacity one of these days."

They stood at the door of Mr. Mason's beautiful mansion: a hearty shake of the hand, a promise to meet again to-morrow, and the schoolmates had separated.

As Fred Lawrence walked briskly on, in the direction of his own home, some painful thoughts, in spite of his resolution, disturbed the usual serenity of his mind. "The end of anything is painful," some one has said. There is truth in the remark, for even the rudest circumstances with which we come in contact, afford some support to the clinging tendrils of affection. But a school relation, enlisting as it does the best energies of the

young mind, calling forth toward teachers and fellow-pupils the most generous emotions of the heart, cannot fail to maintain a strong hold upon the interest and affections, and make itself felt even amid the rude warfare of life which effaces all lighter impressions. We envy not that scholar who can leave the scene of his earlier mental efforts without regret, in whose heart the memories of school associations are not enshrined amid the incense of grateful affection.

Fred felt as if the ship that had carried him thus far on his life-voyage, had suddenly cast him overboard, and he was left to struggle by his own unaided strength against the cold, dark waves of early experience. Behind him were the honors of boyish achievement, the pleasure of mental exertion, the approval of teachers, the pleasant companionship of schoolmates. Before him was labor, often exhausting; circumscription in his favorite pursuits; and a daily routine of tiresome and uninteresting employments.

Yet, to yield to despondency was the last thing he would have thought of. What boy of fifteen was ever ready to sink down in discouragement at any view of life? What young heart, once started in the career of honorable enterprise, feels not that within itself which is superior to every difficulty, and capable of unlimited achievement? There is no obstacle to a determined spirit; no duty can be burdensome when attracted by the magnetic power of a ready will.

CHAPTER II.

“ Ah ! how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth love’s command !
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain.”

“ AFTER all,” said Fred to himself, as he stood upon the doorsteps of the quiet cottage he called his home, “ If Charley Mason’s house is ever so splendid, I had rather have my own dear little home any day. Mine it is, and it shall be retained by my own exertions.”

He felt every inch a man as the new responsibility dawned upon him. The noblest impulse that can dwell in the human breast animated his soul ; the resolution to protect and support the weaker ones dependent upon him. Mother and sister should be relieved of care ; Addie should be educated better than ever he had been : she was only twelve, so there was time enough yet, Fred

thought. In fact, he began to consider himself as quite the head of the family, in its financial relations.

It was late before he slept that night. The new hope and courage brought joy, but not peace as yet. There were so many thoughts and schemes to be revolved, that he worked himself into quite a mental excitement; and, when he slept, it was only to carry on in his dreams the same train of ideas, only curiously exaggerated and distorted.

First, he was a great giant, like Christopher of old, and a flood was rising over the city, up to the very windows of their little parlor. Our hero took his mother in one arm, and Addie in the other, and carried them away through the dashing waters, on to a high mountain, where they all three stood looking down upon the waves roaring beneath them, but unable to approach their resting-place.

Then he was a knight-errant, wandering

about the world in quest of adventures. In some waste howling wilderness he found his sister Addie, about to be eaten up by a dragon. He put his spear in rest, and charged furiously upon the beast, which yielded, as these storied monsters were bound to do, to knightly valor. Then, as he turned to reassure Addie after her fright lo! it was no longer his own little sister, but a beautiful princess, clothed in velvet, and gold, and ermine, whom he must escort, with chivalrous courtesy, to her palace, amid the acclamations of all spectators, and receive the unbounded gratitude of the aged king, her father.

After the requisite preliminaries, which are more quickly dispatched in dream-life than in the actual, he was to espouse the princess, and receive with her hand the dominion of her paternal realm. There was infinite rejoicing in the capital, the populace shouted, the cannon were fired, (in the days of chivalry! a dreamy anachronism,) and

the bells sent forth their merry peal, long and loud, upon the bright morning air;—quite too long and loud, for our hero was startled from his romantic dreams to hear Addie ringing the breakfast-bell at the foot of the stairs.

Monday morning came, and Frederic Lawrence was installed in his situation at Smith, Brown & Co.'s; the said situation being an elevated seat in front of a desk, containing a number of leather-bound ledgers. The apartment entitled "counting-room," like most places uninvaded by feminine neatness and taste, had a forlorn and dingy appearance, which presented to our schoolboy rather a cheerless contrast with the neat little sitting-room at home, or the airy and spacious halls of the academy. The ponderous day-book, in which he was to enter the uninteresting items of debit and credit, was a poor substitute for the beloved school-books over which he used to bend with delight and enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, Fred's heart was luminous with hope and enterprise, so that he needed little light reflected from surrounding objects. Visions of mother and home lent a cheer even to his dark corner by the desk, nerved his hand when the pen seemed to have grown into its stiffened muscles, and concentrated a whole day full of happiness into the twilight hour when the day's task was finished, and he commenced the homeward walk. There is a magic in the power of association. The most uncongenial employments, when prompted by the heart's best affections, seem to absorb into themselves the beauty and reflect the lustre of those affections. Thus Frederic, after selecting a vocation inherently distasteful to him in duty to his mother, and performing its services faithfully from a sense of right, soon conceived quite a liking for the vocation itself.

Smith, Brown & Co. presently discovered a wonderful aptitude for business in their assistant book-keeper. The whole force of

his mind was concentrated upon his work until the thousand details of trade and accounts seemed intuitively familiar to him; and every duty was performed with such hearty good-will, that he soon stood beyond most of his fellow-clerks both in real knowledge of the business and in the esteem of his employers.

In the mean time, his favorite studies had not been abandoned. Though the long golden hours of the day were demanded by other employments, the morning and evening were his own; and the time saved from sleep or amusement was made to yield rich returns of improvement. Habits of severe mental application are not speedily formed, but when once established, they amply repay the effort required.

CHAPTER III.

"No man wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart : *I know nothing.*"—BACON.

"Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

COWPER.

"OH, FRED ! how you frighten me !" Addie exclaimed, as she met him on the stairs one winter morning. Very charmingly she looked, Fred thought, as she stood with the lamp in her hand, her little morning wrapper falling around her feet, the golden curls floating carelessly over her shoulders, and her blue eyes wide open with amazement.

"What can you be doing so early in the morning ?" she continued.

"Oh, I am about my business," he replied, smiling.

"I should think business required enough

time from sunrise to supper-time, without calling you up at this hour."

"I meant my own personal interests: namely, the improvement of my mind. If I attend to Smith & Brown's affairs all day, there is no objection to a care of my own before breakfast, I suppose."

"Not a bit, but I never saw you about so early before."

"Whose laziness do you ascribe that to?" said Fred, laughing. "But what are *you* doing, little puss, mousing around the house before daylight?"

"I'm going to kindle the fire, and get breakfast before mother wakes; so, don't you make a breath of noise."

"But you are shaking with the cold. Run back to bed, and I will make the fire for you."

"Oh, pshaw! no: do you think I am afraid of the cold? I wouldn't allow such a waste of your valuable time. You know I can study all day. So go about your business,

Mr. Book-keeper, and I will attend to mine," said Addie, tripping lightly down the stairs.

It was not long before the little house-keeper had a bright fire burning in the cooking stove, and proceeded to the manufacture of the biscuits ; while her brother established his lexicon and Cicero at the other end of the table, by the east window, in order to catch the first rays of the daylight.

Though Addie continued her notable practice of early rising through the winter, she had no more fires to kindle. At whatever hour she entered the kitchen, a cheerful blaze greeted her arrival, and the student, with his books, was occupying the same corner by the east window.

Stolen waters are sweet ; and who can deny that two hours of study thus snatched from all-engrossing toil, have a richer zest, and impart to the mind more of athletic glow and strength, than weeks under the enforced routine of instruction ?

"Mother," said Fred, as he sat on a low

footstool at her feet that evening, "are you very sorry that I did not go to college?"

"I have not allowed myself to think much of it lately, my son. We decided the question as wisely as we were able, and it would be a weakness now to indulge in vain regrets."

"But I mean, mother, do you think I shall lose very much? I am studying at home, you know, and mean, if I live, to take every study that is useful or desirable to be acquainted with—though, of course, it will take some years to go through with my plan."

"In some respects it may possibly be better for you. Beside the knowledge gained, you will acquire strength and decision of character, by the very effort required to accomplish your plan without any coercion but that of your own will."

"I had a letter to-day from Charley Mason. He is tired and sick of college life, which he calls a mere slavery to rules. He

seems to have no respect for tutors or professors ; and all these studies that I am so much interested in are only disagreeable tasks to him."

"I hardly think you would find it so if you were in college. Charley, you know, has never been subject to much constraint, and the necessary rules of such an institution would weigh more heavily upon him."

"I don't think there is so much use, after all, in a collegiate course. If a fellow has a will to study, there are books enough, and there's no need of his being a dunce."

"Certainly, if accumulation of ideas was the only object, hermit-life might be better than college, and one's own quiet home, in the intervals of business, quite as well as either. But there are some evils to be guarded against, in a solitary course of study. You are more liable to acquire one-sided and narrow views ; and, having little opportunity of comparing them with those of others, they easily settle into dogmatism and

obstinaey. Being fully persuaded in your own mind of the truth of your opinion, you may not treat with sufficient respect those of other people, which perhaps rest on stronger foundations, and have been more carefully formed than your own."

"Is this the fault only of those who are self-educated?" asked Fred.

"Certainly not, though it is a very common—perhaps unjust—reproach of 'self-made men.' It belongs to a low degree of knowledge, however gained. The chief advantage of a course of study in a large institution is, that you come in contact with other minds, many of which will be stronger and better cultivated than your own; remember, too, that education means far more than the accumulation of ideas. The development of all our powers is a life-work, and four years of collegiate study is but a small part of this work. He only is truly educated who knows how to embody in life the ideas he has acquired; to act more

wisely, to live more nobly, from the knowledge gained. And he who enters earnestly on the pursuit of this highest good, will find the field so vast as to leave little opportunity for pride."

"There isn't much hope of ever being satisfied with one's own attainments," said Fred, "if we judge by those who have been most successful. The greatest of scholars seem to have been usually the humblest of men."

"At least when their manhood was in any due proportion to their scholarship. There is no more pitiable object than a mind loaded down with great and varied erudition, without moral vitality to use and dignify the possession. There have been misers of knowledge as well as of gold. A true and worthy ambition desires wisdom in the use, as well as success, in the attainment of either of these means of influence. And those who have true wisdom will know how to estimate rightly their acquisitions so that

they are saved from the dangers of conceit. Do you remember the anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton, when he was congratulated, just before his death, on his vast attainments in physical science? He said he seemed to himself like a little child playing on the shores of a boundless ocean. He had gathered a few shells and pebbles from the beach, but the whole expanse of knowledge lay unexplored before him.

Frederic was silent: a limitless horizon seemed outspread before him. His pride was humbled, and ambition sobered by the vastness of the field; but aspiration burned with a stronger and clearer flame, because freed from the fumes of vanity and conceit.

Into the kingdom of knowledge, as into the kingdom of heaven, one must enter as a little child. He whose earnest aspiration is tempered by a childlike humility, is doubly furnished to the search for truth.

CHAPTER IV.

‘Friendly love perfecteth mankind.’

BACON.

PERHAPS Fred may best be allowed to tell his own story of his course of self-instruction in a letter to Charles Mason. But let us first look over his shoulder at the letter he is about to answer.

“DEAR FRED :

“I have a sort of idea that I promised you a letter, as soon as I became fairly settled in college life. Whether I did or not, I am just in the mood for a talk with you this evening, to help shake off a fit of homesickness.

“Now don’t laugh at me for being homesick, until I have described my position. You don’t know how stupid it is to be subject to

such horrible rules: The first thing you hear, after you go to sleep at night, is, a tremendous bell dinging in your ears, which says "Get up." There is no resisting the command; so you rub open your eyes, hustle on your clothes, and are off in the raw morning air to exercises at the chapel. These are stupid enough in the circumstances, you may well believe. After shivering half an hour in a cold room, you are dismissed for an hour's study.

"Well, I believe I will not inflict upon you the whole routine; but I do say, going to college is not as grand an affair as it is said to be. I declare, Fred, much as I hate business, I would rather spend the hours of the day over a ledger, and be my own master the rest of the time, than be a slave night and day to that confounded bell; tied down to mathematics and all such stupid stuff all the time, with disgrace in reversion in case of the slightest negligence. Laziness always was my besetting sin, you know, and now

Tutor Jones is determined to pursue it with a whip of scorpions.

“Disagreeable as the whole thing is, I am determined, if possible, to do myself justice, and not make my friends ashamed of me. That is one of my troubles ; if I had no ambition in the case, I could get along more easily.

“We do have some fun now and then, taking off the professors, and playing jokes on “old Prex.” One soon gets tired of such jokes, however, though we are bound to consider them remarkably brilliant at the time.

“By the way, Fred, how do you like that ‘world-college’ you were to enter? If it gives you as hard work as these of the smaller sort, I pity you. Deliver me from a world full of such drudgery as this.

“Do tell me what you are doing, and all about your plans. If anybody in this world can put any good into me, it is you. I wish you were here to push me along, if not for

your own sake. For yourself, I suppose there is no need of it, for you are bound to succeed wherever you are.

"Please write often, and give me, if you can, the secret of your good luck.

"Yours, forever,

"CHARLES MASON."

'DEAR CHARLEY :

"I was very glad to receive your letter last Friday, for it seemed like one of our old schoolboy talks. Those were pleasant times that we used to have at the old academy, weren't they? Pleasant, especially to look back upon, though I should not care to have had them last forever. Indeed, I believe I am better contented now than I was at school, much as I disliked to leave. Now my whole time is occupied, and I am pretty sure that I am doing all I can.

"It may be the world-college is as good as a smaller one after all, for I have not got tired of it yet. The course of study grows

upon me, though ; and I am afraid I shall hardly get through in a lifetime.

“ I am sorry you are homesick, Charley but I think you will get over it before long That is all the consolation I can offer. A little of the ‘ tincture of time,’ is the best prescription, as Dr. H. says. Freshman year is always said to be the most disagreeable of the four ; so don’t get discouraged in the first six months.

“ Since you ask what I am doing, I will give you a little account of my studies. I am attending chiefly to Latin and Greek this winter, as I was more afraid of losing in those what I had gained at school.

“ As I am obliged to be at the store at half-past eight, I can seldom get more than an hour and a half, these short mornings, for study, beside breakfast and the walk. In those hours, I have read all of Cicero’s Oration since leaving school, and am now studying Horace. The Greek grammar I repeat to myself on the walk over to the store which

takes a half-hour of morning time too valuable to be wasted.

“I have an excellent chance to practise in French, as we have a French clerk who lives over here; so I walk home with him every night, and we chatter all the way. This is good amusement; and besides, when I go to Europe, as I mean to, some day, it will be of use to me. I shall learn German in the same way by-and-by.

“In the evening I read Xenophon. I enjoy studying grandly so far; partly, I suppose, because I choose my own tasks, and take it instead of play. There is no room for complaint or insubordination, since I am ‘Prof.,’ ‘Prex,’ and Tutor, as well as student. It is remarkable what excellent discipline can be maintained in such an institution.

“But remember, Charley, you are in the world-college as well as I; only you happen to be gentleman commoner, and I sizar, as they say in England. I don’t care a fig for the difference now for I like the idea of

fairly earning everything I learn. With so few hours for study, I cannot expect to advance quite as fast as you will, with all your time at your command ; but I shall do what I can, so take care that with a fair start you don't get beaten.

“ Write to me often, do ; and tell me next time that you have buried home-sickness and laziness, as you soon will Euclid, and are going to work like a good fellow as you are

“ Yours truly, as ever,

“ **FRED LAWRENCE.**”

CHAPTER V.

"A manly spirit of content,
Feeling that life is wisest spent

Where the strong working hand makes strong the working brain."

WHITTIER.

ON returning from business one night, Fred was pleasantly surprised to find his mother's brother, Lieutenant Stanton, who had just returned from a three years' cruise in the Chinese seas. This uncle had been the hero of Fred's childish fancy. His stirring tales of adventure among the perils of the sea had given him a place among the knights and warriors of chivalrous romance; and his frequent protracted absences on the duties of his profession had lent to his movements that charm of mystery which only serves to feed the sentiment of hero-worship.

To the admiring view of Fred, the three letters "U. S. N." formed the proudest escutcheon ever claimed by gallant knight,

or embroiuered by "ladie faire." Though the dark ages of childish romance had passed, he still regarded his sailor uncle with all the deference that an active, enterprising boy can feel, for one whose whole life is passed amid scenes of peril and adventure. While his father lived, his highest ambition had been to enter the same profession, and win his way under his country's flag to renown and high command. Like other childish dreams, this had faded away in the broad daylight of actual life. But, unknown to him, his uncle had, during this absence, been maturing a similar plan for him, and had already taken the initial steps toward procuring for him a midshipman's warrant under his own command.

"Well, Fred, my boy, are you ready to go to sea with me?" said Uncle James, after a hearty sailor's grip and the first words of salutation. "I have proposed it to your mother, and she leaves the matter to your decision."

"The question is decided already, uncle. My duty seems to be in the land service."

"O ho! so you have given up your liking for salt water, and foreign travel, and hair-breadth 'scapes, and are willing to settle down for a landsman all your days. I thought better of you, Fred."

Fred did not choose to enter into all his reasonings in the presence of his mother and sister; so after some raillery the subject was dropped.

It was renewed, however, by Lieutenant Stanton, as he walked with Fred to his place of business the next morning.

"Now, tell me plainly," said he, "whether you really do not wish to enter the navy, or have you only ceased thinking of it at all?"

"I have thought it all over, uncle, and decided to give up all idea of it. I could not engage in any calling that would take me away from my mother and sister, or prevent me for even a year from contributing to their support."

"It is an honorable purpose, my boy, but I think we can provide for them and you too. I have something laid aside, and no one to need it, which I will gladly place at your mother's disposal. I think it will be for your interest to enter the navy. I have some influence with the Department, I believe, and if you do well, as of course you will, a few years will bring you promotion to a station worth having."

They walked on in silence a few minutes. At last Fred said—

"I hope, uncle, you will not think that I undervalue your kindness; but it seems very plain to me that my duty is at home. It would seem like deserting my post to leave my mother and sister so alone."

"You are satisfied, then, to stay on land, and be a book-keeper all your days!" said Lieutenant Stanton, with an air of disappointment and almost of disgust.

"I hope I shall be satisfied with doing my duty, uncle, wherever it takes me or keeps

me," said Fred, in a voice that tried to be firm.

"Oh, well! my boy, if you view it in that light, your decision is a right and noble one. But tell me truly, would you have chosen your present employment if your choice had been perfectly free—uninfluenced, I mean, by any of these motives?"

"Frankly, uncle, I should not. I have always had a passion for travelling, and I never see a ship bound for *anywhere*, but I wish I was on board."

"There is some sailor in him, after all," said Uncle James, in delight.

"Then, if I were to remain on land, I should prefer some more stirring employment that would keep me in the open air, for I never had any great fancy for sitting still from morning to night."

"Mere slavery! slavery!" ejaculated Uncle James.

"But I thought it all carefully over," continued Fred. "It was time I should do

something, and this seemed on the whole the best thing I could do ; so now the matter is decided, I think no more about it. And indeed, I have been quite happy and contented since I have been in business. I supposed, whatever profession I entered, there must be a certain amount of drudgery at the beginning, so I made up my mind to that. Then, I am thinking, that after a few years, when I get rich, you know, I can still have time to travel about and see the world, as I always wished to do."

" Well, success to you, my boy," said Uncle James, as they parted at the door of the store. "I should be glad to help you along in my own profession ; but do your duty wherever you are, as bravely as you have begun, and you wi'll not fail to make a man in the end."

CHAPTER VI.

"But deem not helm or harness
The sign of valor true ;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew."

WHITTIER.

"WHAT conclusion did you and Uncle James arrive at this morning?" inquired Mrs. Lawrence, as Fred entered the cozy little sitting-room, on his return that evening.

"The conclusion was arrived at before this morning, mother ; I have no thought of spending my life on the water."

"You used to have quite a fondness for sailor life and adventures when you were younger. I did not know but it might be a trial to you even now to decline Uncle James' proposal."

"Trial or not, mother, you know I had but one thing to say. Of course I should

not think twice whether I would leave you and Addie here alone, while I go off wandering over the world."

"I am sorry your plans for life must be limited for our sakes, my son."

"Oh, don't think it was a disappointment, for really I had given up all thought of it long ago. If any one is disappointed, it is Addie there; for ever since she heard Uncle James' plan, she has been building air-castles for me; I see it in her eyes. It would be a grand thing, wouldn't it, Addie, if I could perform some splendid exploit for which all the world should delight to honor me. Such a brother would be worth having. I am not sure that you would not send me on an Arctic exploration without mercy, only to accomplish that most laudable purpose."

"I *should* like to be as proud of you for a brother, as I am of Dr. Kane for a country man."

"Your mother will be as proud of you, my boy, if you do your duty faithfully wherever

Providence places you, as if you went to win laurels under the poles."

"But Addie has a great idea of hero-worship and all such fancies. She has admitted a new hero into her pantheon lately, by the side of Napoleon and all the rest, and just now I suppose she thinks that if I were once in the naval service I should be a full-grown Hercules all of a sudden."

"Forgetting, perhaps, that you would have to go through long years of uninteresting toil, more tedious than your present duties."

"I would not decline the service, though, on account of the drudgery."

"No, certainly," replied his mother, "but we do well to make up our minds at the beginning, that a really honorable distinction is only to be earned in any course by patient and long-continued exertion. In reading such accounts as we have lately done, of almost superhuman exploits and endurance, our admiration for one heroic man is rather naturally extended to the profession to which

he belongs, and we are inclined to think that the same circumstances would of necessity produce the same character. But the truth is, a great soul will find room to exert itself in the lowest and narrowest station, while a small one is not elevated into greatness by mere position. Now let us compare notes. What have you admired most, my son, in the narrative of the Arctic expedition?"

"I hardly know, I like it all so much; I think it was a splendid mind that could plan and execute that escape from the icebound ship. Think how bravely the poor fellows worked through those long weeks, their journey of thirteen hundred miles, among crushing, floating icebergs, in open boats, just ready to fall in pieces beneath them. But it was the one master-mind that inspired them all."

"And what do you like, Addie?"

"The whole, of course; but just now I have been thinking how delightful it was to be in the midst of such strange and splendid natu-

ral phenomena, and to learn so many things that had never been known before. One would have so much to remember, his whole life would be the richer for such scenes passed through. But, mother, you have not told us what you admire most in the story."

"I think the noblest thing in the whole narration, is that which after all does not distinguish it from the record of any truly noble life. I mean the self-forgetfulness with which a mind so capable of the highest achievements, gave itself up to the most menial services, when the necessities of others required it; spending time and strength in the midst of wonders which, as an ardent student of nature, he longed to explore, in ministering to the common wants of those committed to his care."

"That seems to me," said Addie, "the saddest thing in the whole story. So much was lost, which the world can never regain."

"It is no small thing," replied her mother,

"to have given so noble an example of self sacrifice. The world is not destitute of strong and cultivated minds, and the results of their labors are constantly increasing the treasures of science. But of these higher moral traits, we have few models. And what most interests us is, that this kind of heroism is not confined to any profession or circumstances in life. The same degree of self-sacrifice for the general good, would be equally noble in the most obscure station, though it might not become equally known and honored. There may be more heroism in performing faithfully the humblest duties of life, than in maintaining command of men, or battling with the elements of nature."

"Could every one be as great as those we read of?" said Addie, musingly.

"Every one could, if every one had the will to be," replied her mother. "One thing is certain, there can be no cheating in this matter; a strong and efficient character is not to be obtained for less than its just equivalent

in years of effort. And after all, it is the *being* great, and not the distinction it may confer, that should be the object of our desire. We must learn to act rightly and nobly, without listening for the echo of our actions in the applause of men "

CHAPTER VII

“Direct not him whose way *himself* will choose.”

“WHERE going, Lawrence?” exclaimed two of his companions, taking either arm, as they emerged from the store.

“Home,” said Fred.

“‘Home,’ as usual, but what for just now?”

“Supper,” said Fred, smiling.

“Oh, pho! Isn’t there supper enough to be had this side the river? Come, go with us this evening, and we will have rare sport. We’ll go to Delmonico’s for a stew, and then to Wallack’s.”

“Thank you,” said Fred, “I would rather not go to-night. I never go to the theatre and it has no great attractions for me.”

“Oh! you are afraid it isn’t right, perhaps,” said Jones, with a sneer.

“I have not yet mentioned my reasons for not going,” said Fred, “but, since you wish

to know them, I will tell you that I have better employment for my evenings, and so it would be a waste of time to spend them in that way."

"Wonderfully economical!" said Jones. "How much does time bring per hour?"

"But I have a better reason than that," continued Fred; "I think it positively wrong, at least, whatever it may be for others, it would certainly be wrong for me."

"Pshaw! hear the fellow!" said Jones; "he is wise as Solomon, and preaches like a parson. But I see the reason of it all. He is a mother-boy, and afraid to be out till twelve o'clock at night."

"Come, don't be a fool, Fred," said the other clerk, persuasively; "you don't know what you lose by being so particular. Those that ought to know, say that the drama is an important means of instruction, and you can't understand the beauties of a play till you have seen it well acted."

"I am not literary enough yet," said

Fred, "to need the drama. When I have read more I may perhaps consider the subject. At present I am really afraid I should not be qualified to appreciate it."

"Now, don't be making reflections," said Jones, maliciously. "Everybody knows, you set up to be a great deal wiser than your neighbors."

"But don't you know," said the other clerk, more pleasantly, that there are many good people—ministers, too, among the rest—who think it is right and profitable to attend the theatre? Now, I don't see any use in being more strict than ministers themselves."

"I think a very great majority of ministers and good people are of the contrary opinion," Fred replied. "But if it were not so, ministers are only men, and may possibly be mistaken, as well as others."

"Well," said Willis, persuasively, "if you don't go to be profited, go for the sake of being like other people for once in your life."

"I am as much obliged for your invitation, Willis, as if I accepted it," replied Fred, "but really I prefer not to go. I know of no very good reason for doing everything that other people do. I see a thousand things done every day that I don't feel obliged to mimic, and this is one."

"Oh, you are a great deal better than your neighbors," said Jones, contemptuously. "I am sorry we have offended your saintship—I wish you a safe journey home, and hope you will find ma and sister well."

"I have not compared myself with my neighbors," said Frederic, without deigning to notice Jones' last remark. "A pleasant evening to you."

CHAPTER VIII.

‘Desire not to live long, but to live well ;
How long we live, not *years*, but *actions* tell.’

THREE years had passed away with but few remarkable incidents in the life of our young man of business. Without becoming a slave to his daily employments, their routine had become so habitual that it was no longer a burden, and his mind was redeemed from the stupefying effects of a monotonous round of business, by his enthusiasm for intellectual pursuits. As he advanced year by year in his salary, he assumed more and more of the maintenance of the family, so that he began to feel in reality, what he had long aspired to in fancy, the solid satisfaction of being a stay and support to his mother.

“What makes you so so’er lately, Fred?” asked Addie, laying her head upon his

shoulder, one evening, as they sat together on the sofa. "Have 'we' failed, or what has happened?"

"What little bird has revealed to you a secret that is not known yet in Wall street?" said Fred, with an attempt at a smile.

"Can it be I was right?—do tell me, Fred."

"Well, I suppose it must be generally known to-morrow, so I may as well mention it now. Our firm is on the verge of bankruptcy; the confidential clerk has left, this week, in circumstances that now begin to look suspicious. To-day there came in a demand from the bank where we deposit the most, for an enormous sum, which I more than suspect he must have drawn in the name of the firm. Just in the present state of things there is no help or delay for it; they must break."

"How will this effect you?" inquired Addie, anxiously, after a pause.

"Just in this way; that I am thrown out

of employment at a time when more than half the firms are retrenching operations on account of scarcity in the money-market. I know several clerks that have been dismissed lately from situations where they were giving perfect satisfaction ; so you can imagine the chances are very small for my forming a new engagement."

"Ah, well! there is nothing to do but "trust and try,"" said Addie, hopefully. "I was going to ask you another thing, Fred, or rather, tell you, for my mind is made up, and I shall not ask your consent. I want to begin teaching this spring."

"Oh! so you are growing too wise for a scholar, and must begin to impart your surplus wisdom."

"Now, don't laugh at me, Fred. I think I am old enough to teach, and Charley Mason says I have grown wonderfully dignified of late."

"Indeed! Has Charley Mason come in collision with your dignity, pray?"

"Of course not, you silly boy! But I took it as an encouragement, you know, and really I think I could sustain very well the dignity of a teacher. Mr. Seymour has offered me the charge of his primary department, and I have told him that I will commence with the next term."

"But I cannot bear to have you give up your studies now. When I had to leave school myself, I resolved that you should stay as long as you wanted to, at least if any efforts of mine could bring it about."

"You are a dear, good brother. But, suppose I *have* stayed as long as I want to? You know yourself, Fred, that it is not necessary to give up study when one leaves school. If you could accomplish as much as you have done, occupied the whole day in the store, you shall not think me so stupid that I cannot make some improvement beside teaching five hours a day."

"Well, have it as you will, since you are of those who are born to command. There

is one thing.—we can study together and help each other along.”

“Yes, I doubt not we shall ‘help each other along,’ as the fly said to the locomotive. That reminds me, Fred, I want you to teach me Greek.”

“Certainly, I should love to have you learn it, and then we can read it together.”

“There, I am glad there is one sensible brother in the world. I should have studied Greek before this at school, but when I proposed it, Mr. Seymour looked as quizzical as if I had asked for a cardinal’s hat. Then the girls laughed at me, as if I was meditating the most eccentric thing in the world ; so I was discouraged.”

“You must not be frightened, *sorellina*, at the laugh of any one, from doing what your own good sense tells you it is perfectly right and proper for you to do. For my part, I can see no objection to any man or woman learning anything they please ; especially a splendid language like the Greek.”

"I know I shall love it," exclaimed Addie, with enthusiasm. "But, Fred, why is it considered so out of the way for ladies to learn Greek? It seems to me fully as useful as half the studies that are deemed essential to a finished education."

"Yes, and more so than many of them," said Fred, "for it assists us greatly in the study of the Bible; and anything that will render the meaning of that deeper or clearer to us, should take the precedence of mere secular knowledge. Besides, it is no more difficult than many things that almost every body studies."

"It will be delightful to study at home with you," said Addie. "I shall enjoy it far more than I have at school, for now I shall feel that I am helping you and mother a little."

"It has been my ambition for these three years," said Fred, "to earn enough for our entire support, so that you and mother would not need to work."

"And it is mine," Addie replied, "to work and help you, so that mother can rest. There is no reason why I should be a consumer and not a producer, as the political economists say."

"Only," said Fred, half unconsciously, as he stroked her sunny curls, "that it seems as if you were made like birds and flowers, not to toil and spin, but to live and be beautiful."

"And be a lazy drone, while the others work and are useful. For shame! Mr. Flatterer, to teach me such a lesson. No, no! you have given me a good example all these years, now you must help me to follow it. I will be a worker as well as you, and our mother shall be the queen bee to preside in our hive."

CHAPTER IX.

A SHOCK, sudden as that of an earthquake, had arrested the movement of the company by which Lawrence was employed. It fell like a thunderbolt upon Mr. Brown, the chief active member of the firm. Remarkable for caution in his commercial operations, failure had been deemed for him utterly impossible ; but the defalcation of his head clerk, and a combination of circumstances beyond his own control, had involved his affairs in hopeless confusion, and the wealth accumulated in a whole lifetime was swept from his grasp in an hour.

The calamity was too great for his physical energies. Riches had been the hope, the treasure, the idol of his soul, and these gone, life was stripped of all its attractions. A violent fever prostrated him during several

weeks, and the settlement must be effected without his assistance. The other partners in the firm had not for years held an active part in the business, nor could they easily take up and unravel the tangled web of affairs at their present crisis. The only clerk perfectly acquainted with the condition of things was just then a resident of "parts unknown;" so that the weight of duty fell on Lawrence. Though young, he had already proved himself both faithful and competent; and his employers were not now disappointed in the confidence they reposed in him.

Five weeks, more crowded than ever with intense application, weighed heavily upon the energies of the young clerk, while the uncertainty of obtaining another situation when this should fail, presented not the brightest prospect to his anticipations.

But "there's a divinity that shapes our ends," and in following earnestly and patiently the path of duty, we need not to see the

way before us. 'That path is sure to "lead us out into a large place, set our feet on a rock, and establish our goings."

"Who is that young man who is balancing the accounts of Smith, Brown & Co.?" asked Mr. Silver, of his son and partner. Silver & Sons were among the principal creditors of the insolvent firm, and had kept a shrewd lookout during the settlement of affairs.

"Lawrence, I believe his name is," replied the son; "very young, isn't he?"

"Hardly twenty I should think, but I tell you he has a wise head on young shoulders. He has been their principal book-keeper, they tell me, for more than a year back, and I certainly never saw books better kept."

"Answer our turn, when Warren leaves?"

"Precisely, I think; I have watched his movements more than he is aware of, and it is my opinion that we should look far to find a better one."

"We don't need him for a month yet."

"No, but we had better secure him at

once," said Silver, senior, with a sudden fit of liberality. "We had better not lose him, and we can find employment for him as soon as he has finished his present business."

As the result of this dialogue, Frederic Lawrence received an offer of the situation as book-keeper in Silver & Sons' large establishment, with an increased salary. The offer was far more eligible than he could even have hoped in the circumstances, and had great effect in raising his spirits and removing the transient solicitude which had weighed upon his mind.

Mr. Silver the father was recognized on 'Change as a "large importer." His magnitude certainly was not physical, for he was a short, spare little figure, that looked as if it had shrivelled up as mummies do, even from its original diminutive proportions. The most noticeable feature of his face was a remarkably acuminate nose. This is said to be a token of business capacity; whether serving as a wedge to penetrate through the

pressure of affairs, or for some other purpose, physiological science does not inform us.

Nor could magnitude of soul have been ascribed to the importer, for no philosopher from Socrates to Spurzheim would have found evidence in conduct or cranium of a redundancy of that quality. The largeness intended must have been a commercial figure of speech, applying to the man a term that belonged only to his boxes and bales and importation lists. It was not so great a mistake after all, for these were his treasures, and on these was his heart also.

Mr. Silver, the father, was not only the oldest partner, but decidedly the moving spirit in the firm. His sons performed their stipulated share in the business, received their dividends, and thanked their stars that the senior partner had force enough to move the whole machinery without interference from them: looking forward with quite as much satisfaction as regret, to the time when a general dividend should be made of all the

hoarded accumulations of the old man's life. To our Fred, the change was in many respects a favorable one. He became acquainted with business on a larger scale, and his general intelligence proportionally increased. The rigid exactness which was required in the performance of all his duties, had already become a habit, and agreed well with the rule which he had proposed to himself from the beginning.

The standard of integrity in the external dealings of the firm, was not indeed quite as high as that which he had been led from early instruction to adopt; for the golden rule of commerce seems to be, "Do unto others as you expect them to do to you," not "as you would have them do." Still, in the discharge of his own duties, the two rules of conduct seldom came in collision, for, however men may disregard the higher law of God in their own actions, few would dispense with the observance of it in those who have dealings with them.

CHAPTER X

"Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one picked out of ten thousand."

FREDERIC had been but a few months in his new situation, when Mr. Silver said to him, one morning—

"Smith is sick and off duty, Lawrence; you will therefore have to go down to the custom-house and certify this invoice."

"Yes, sir," said Frederic, promptly, taking the bill and glancing over it. But in a moment he added, with some surprise—

"There is a mistake here, Mr. Silver; I credited, yesterday, three hundred pieces of black silk, and there are but two hundred and fifty on the invoice."

"Well, what then?"

"I will rectify it, shall I not?"

"No, sir, no; it is all right, you will pass 't just as it is."

"But I cannot understand how it is right, sir," said Frederic, respectfully. "We certainly owe duties on all the goods imported; and either the firm in Lyons have overcharged, or this copy of the invoice is incorrect."

"That is my business, sir; yours is to obey orders."

"But not to disobey my conscience, Mr. Silver," replied Frederic, beginning to perceive the truth of the matter.

"*Your* conscience has nothing to do in the case," said the merchant, whose cracked voice betrayed the rising of angry passions. "The business is mine: if you are not prepared to perform the service required, there is but one alternative. Will you go?"

"Not to swear to an untruth, sir," said Frederic, firmly.

"Very well, you know the consequence."

Fred returned to his desk with a heavy heart. Must he again be thrown out of employment, when his cherished plans were

apparently so near fulfilment? 'Though he applied himself more closely than ever to his task, troublesome questions were continually passing through his mind. Had he not, after all, been too conscientious? Was it his business to question the honesty of an act, performed merely for the interest of another? If he was employed as an instrument in doing a wrong thing, was the fault in the instrument, or in the person who employed it? "In both," conscience replied, "since the instrument has a will of its own, and is capable of discriminating right from wrong." "I will not be anybody's tool for wrong-doing," added self-respect. "I am not a slave, to be bought for five hundred a-year, subject, body and soul, mind and strength, to the use of another. For a just equivalent, I will sell a certain amount of time and energy, but not my conscience. No, I have learned to be poor, and I am little afraid of poverty, but I dare not walk God's earth with the brand of perjury upon

me." He worked on with more than usual diligence, to bring up some little arrears, and leave his accounts exactly balanced with that Saturday night.

When the clerks received their week's wages, Mr. Silver, senior, had left the store, and nothing was said by his son of Lawrence's dismissal. Not knowing whether the incident of the morning was known to him, Frederic took no other leave than a polite 'Good evening.'

He had resolved not to disturb the Sabbath tranquillity at home by anxiety about his own affairs, and therefore forebore to mention to his mother and sister what had happened. Whatever uneasiness might have remained upon his mind passed away with the quiet cheerfulness of the Sabbath, and the encouragement its instructions afforded. Worldly troubles lost their power to annoy; the peace of a quiet conscience seemed more valuable than the highest earthly prosperity; the conflict of principles was ended.

On Monday morning Frederic went a little later than usual to his place of business.

"I have called, Mr. Silver," said he, approaching the desk where that gentleman was already seated, "to inquire if you have any further need of my services."

Whether the influences of the Sabbath had aroused a higher moral sense, or whether, when the momentary irritation had subsided, his judgment had suggested that conscience was not, after all, the worst quality that could be possessed by a confidential clerk, the mind of Mr. Silver was in quite a different state this morning from that in which it had been two days before.

"As much need as usual," he replied briefly, but with a smile that was almost benevolent.

"From your remarks on Saturday morning," said Frederic, "I inferred that you intended making a change of book-keepers."

"You were mistaken then, Lawrence. I

desire that you will retain your situation, and continue to discharge its duties as faithfully as you have done hitherto."

Mr. Silver was far enough from being addicted to flattery ; and if rarity is any test of value, a word of praise from him was well worth a two hours' eulogy from a more communicative person. From that day Frederic Lawrence advanced rapidly in the esteem and confidence of his employers. His integrity, severely tried, and not found wanting, in a case evidently contrary to his own interests, had proved him worthy of the most unbounded trust.

CHAPTER XI.

Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day ;
With a strong man's arm of labor
And childhood's heart of play."

WHITTIER.

As he advanced in business, our hero had not lost his interest, nor remitted his diligence in study. In the four years after leaving school he had read many of the Greek and Latin authors included in the ordinary collegiate course ; and this not as a self-imposed task, but from a real love of those noble languages, and a cordial appreciation of their beauties. He was not in that social position which demands a show of refined taste, with or without the reality ; and therefore his enjoyment of the riches of literature had a freshness and strength untainted by affectation. The influence of such studies, pursued with hearty interest, could

not but be felt in liberalizing and enriching the mind.

He had studied several of the natural sciences, one after another, and during the warmer months employed many a pleasant half holiday, earned by extra diligence, in long walks into the country for the collection of specimens ; thus by the same means gaining three important ends : health, amusement, and instruction.

As his mind thus grew and strengthened, by its appropriate food, he found many things to minister to his happiness ; life seemed larger, and more full of interest ; in his soul there was that fulness of conscious life and energy which alone is capable of realizing the truth, "To be living, is sublime."

Those persons cannot be conscious of the loss they sustain who expend the energies of life upon empty amusements, which contribute nothing to the growth of the mental powers. Seeking happiness only, they cramp and restrain those very faculties in them

which are most capable of happiness, and thus disappoint themselves.

One day in July—it was one month more than four years since Fred had left school—he received an unexpected call from his old friend and classmate, Charles Mason. Their friendship had not been interrupted through the years that had separated them; the college vacation had always brought them together; and a frequent and familiar correspondence had kept each quite well acquainted with the other's affairs.

“So you have got through college at last, Charley. Graduated as well as you expected?”

“Yes, because I did not expect very much. I can tell you, Fred, I am mortally glad to be out of the scrape.”

“Well, what will you do next?”

“Travel, I suppose. Father wants me to go to Europe for a few months. He thinks it will improve my mind, and be good for my health, and all that sort of thing. Father

goes on business to England in the next steamer, and I suppose I shall go too. He will go with me as far as Paris, and then leave me to pursue my journey alone."

"It will be splendid. I half envy you, Charley."

"How I wish you were going with me, Fred. That is all that's lacking to make me want to go."

"Well, my time will come by and by. Perhaps we will go together some day, after all. I should like it grandly, of course, but I have learned to do without some of the pleasant things."

"That you have, Fred, and nobly, too. But it must be confessed you get along wonderfully well without these 'pleasant things,' as you call them. You are more of a man now, after your four years of work and study, mixed together, than I am with all the means of improvement that old Yale could afford."

"You are altogether too subject to the

blues, Charley. You never will value your privileges as I have been trying to make you do for the last four years. Whatever you may say, looking on the dark side, as you do now, it is, and must be, a great advantage to devote four of your best years, uninterrupted by business cares, to the work of preparing yourself for life. I could make out a 'shady side,' too, rather darker than yours; only I don't fancy it quite so well as the bright one."

"It would be strange to hear you complaining of anything, Fred."

"I don't mean to complain, but you can see there is a great deal lost by going through life in such a hurry as I am obliged to be in. It seems to me I have come into the world of action, and am going through it like a ball out of a cannon."

"You do more execution, at all events, Fred, than if you rolled through life like a ten-pin ball, one that had lost its way at that. But I have not inquired after your

mother and sister—are they well, as usual?
I may call and see you all, mayn't I, before
I go?"

"Happy to see you any time, Charley
We are all well at home."

CHAPTER XII.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends."

HAMLET.

It was not many weeks after the above conversation that Frederic Lawrence was summoned to a special conference with his employer. This was no unusual thing, for the old man was becoming unusually communicative as age increased upon him. Perhaps he wished that Frederic should become acquainted with all his plans for the management of the business, before he was obliged to leave his earthly employments; at all events he found in him a more intelligent listener than in either of his sons. For them it was enough if affairs moved on with the usual results to themselves; they took little interest in the details. But this time Mr. Silver had a more definite object in

J.W.

"I wish to make a proposition," said he, as Frederic entered the office. "Have you any objection to a trip to Europe?"

"Not the slightest, sir," replied Fred, with a quiet smile.

"I am too old to make the journey myself," continued the merchant, "and neither of my sons feels inclined to go this time; but I think you can transact the business as well as any one else. You speak French, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Le Brun tells me you speak it like a native; and though he would like the trip for himself, I suppose, I am much more inclined to intrust the affair to you. The business is this:—The firm in Paris of whom we have imported all our shawls, have failed, and arrangements are to be made with a new one. I have not decided between two or three houses; I leave that to your discretion. Then I wish to arrange for a larger importation of silk fabrics next year,

which must come partly from Lyons and partly from Leghorn. You had better go direct to Paris, from there south, and return by the Leghorn steamer. Allowing three or four weeks in Europe, which will be enough to transact all the business, you need not be absent more than six or eight weeks. How soon can you be ready to start?"

"The Havre steamer sails day after tomorrow. I can be ready then, sir."

"That's right—that's right! Be always prompt and ready, and you are sure to succeed in life."

Frederic bowed and withdrew. He felt very much like swinging his hat and shouting "Hurrah," as he hastened home to announce his departure. He should see Europe, after all! the object of his boyish dreams, the scene of so many fancied adventures. To be sure, this was only a business trip; but all of life seemed very like a hurried business journey to him; and yet he had contrived to pick up some improvement and diversion

by the way, and so he meant to do for the future. Hurrah for the Old World!

"What are you at home for at this time of day?" asked Addie, as her brother entered the front door early in the afternoon.

"Only because I was sent."

"Received your dismissal then, have you? Another case of conscience?"

"A case of inclination, rather. Where do you suppose they are going to send me?"

"Send you? To Halifax, I suppose, for bad conduct."

"Well, you are not so very wrong there," said Fred, laughing; "only you should have guessed a little farther off than Halifax."

"Jericho, then, perhaps."

"Not quite, but another big city across the water."

"What, you are not going to sea!"

"Oh, yes, I expect to see a great many things."

"Well, do talk plain English for once, so that a body can understand you. Have

you concluded to go into the country with me?"

"No, but I am going out of it,—without you, unfortunately."

"There, that will do for nonsense. Now, tell me, you old Tease, what you *are* going to do."

"Well, what do you think of a voyage to Europe?"

"I think it would be a very fine thing, rather finer than a voyage to the moon, perhaps."

"But a great deal more possible. The fact is, I sail for Havre by the next steamer."

"Fred Lawrence, what are you talking about? You are not in earnest."

"But I am, though. It is a sober fact, Addie, and what is more, the steamer goes Saturday morning. So, if you have any dispatches for Europe, be preparing them."

"Mother, what do you suppose it means?" exclaimed Addie, dragging the culprit after her into the parlor. "This Fred, here, says

he is going to start for France next Saturday morning."

"Fred can tell us what it means, I suppose," said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Addie is very incredulous. I was trying to make her understand that I am sent on some business of the firm to Paris, and from there to Lyons and Leghorn."

"It is a long journey. Had they no one to send but you?"

"I presume they could find a thousand that would be glad to make the tour of Europe, with their expenses paid; but it seems they choose to confer the favor on me."

"The favor, with the hazard. It is rather hard to let you go so suddenly, my son."

"Oh, mother, it is nothing to go to Europe, when there are thousands coming and going every day!"

"Well, I will try and not think of the danger. But I do not see how you can possibly be ready for so long a journey in a day and a half."

"Don't trouble yourself about the preparation. I shall want no baggage but my valise, and I can pack that in less than an hour."

"The easiest thing in the world," said Addie; "only to shoulder your pack and march off. I never saw a man yet who had the slightest idea of what is needed in preparing for a journey."

"And I never saw a woman who did not give herself the most unreasonable amount of trouble in getting ready to go fifty miles. It is the old story of "big trunk, little trunk, bandbox and bundle;" the last two articles generally multiplied to a dozen or more. But excuse me, Addie, I won't quarrel any more. Only don't worry yourself about my clothing."

Nevertheless, the next day was one of great bustle and preparation. Addie could not think of having her brother go on his European travels without every article of apparel in the finest order.

"It seems so strange that these will be opened in Paris," said she, as she tucked a handkerchief into the last remaining crevice of the valise.

"Shall I tie that handkerchief around the neck of Napoleon's bust in the Hôtel des Invalides, and bring it to you for a keepsake?"

"Yes, do—if it won't be considered an indignity to the great Emperor. I wish I were going with you, Fred."

"So do I, but you know I shall be rich by and by, and then we will all make a tour together."

"Well, then, as the next best thing, you must look twice at every thing, once for me and once for yourself, so that I may see a little through your eyes."

"I shall not have time to write very long letters, but I will keep notes of everything by the way, and my note-book shall be at your service when I get home."

Saturday morning came ; the preparations

were completed, and nothing remained but the leave-taking—the hardest part, perhaps, of all the antecedents to a voyage.

“It is ten o’clock, mother, and I must go, as I have to call at the store. It would not do to miss the steamer.”

“Good-bye, my son, take all possible care of yourself, and God keep you!”

“Good-bye, dear mother. Don’t be anxious. You know I am always sure to turn up safe in the end.”

“My trust is higher than in your good fortunes. But be careful, my son, and do not let that love of adventure lead you into needless dangers.”

“Good-bye, Addie, what shall I bring you?”

“Yourself in good order, Fred; it is all I will ask.”

“Well, good-bye—*au revoir* in six weeks. Remember, mother, don’t have any fears on my account. I will be careful.”

CHAPTER XIII.

"In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!"

WHITTIER.

"A LIFE on the ocean wave," Fred whistled to himself, as he paced the deck, while the noble steamer plowed her way through the Narrows, and began to roll and swing with the heavy swell from the open sea. He felt as if he had been living in a nutshell all his life, shut up between close walls in a crowded city. And even in the country, where he had always felt free as a bird let loose, there were trees and fences and houses always in sight. He had really been twenty years a prisoner, and fancied himself free.

Now, for the first time, he had room to breathe, and think, and live. He gazed upon

the boundless expanse, with the distant horizon for its walls, the sky its only ceiling, and the fathomless depths of the ocean its foundation ; and his mind seemed to grow as it stretched to take in the largeness of the idea.

As the ship emerged into the ocean, beyond the protection of the harbor, most of the passengers yielded to the effects of the swell, and began to disappear below. Fred held out manfully. "I shall forfeit Uncle James' diploma of sailorship," said he to himself, "if I give way to the first attack."

He stayed on deck in the cool fresh air, all the evening, watching the stars as they came out in the clear sky, and were reflected in the blue waters. His thoughts went back and lingered lovingly in the little home-circle where he knew two anxious ones were thinking, perhaps talking of him. He wished he could inspire them with half the hope and enthusiasm he felt in view of the voyage,—then it would not seem to them so terrible a

thing to cross the ocean and be thousands of miles from home.

While Fred was leaning over the railing gazing into the water, but with his thoughts on land, a hand was laid familiarly on his arm. He started from his reverie, and looked up, when the stranger said—

“Pardon the intrusion ; your name is Lawrence, I believe?”

The speaker was a young man of about his own age, whom Frederic remembered to have noticed as he came on board, but afterwards lost among the crowd.

“You are right,” he replied, “but I cannot at this moment recall your name, if, indeed, I have before had the pleasure of your acquaintance.”

“My name is Miller,” said the other. “I saw yours on the captain’s book, and felt sure that you must be a friend of a classmate of mine, Charles Mason. I had so often heard him speak of you, that I considered myself almost a friend at second hand.”

"I shall be most happy to renew the friendship in person," said Lawrence, with a cordial grasp of the hand. "I have heard of you very frequently through Mason, during the last four years."

"He was my chum during nearly all that time, and more intimately allied with me than with almost any one else; excepting always his friend Lawrence, whom he seemed to consider somewhere between a brother and a patron saint. You had a sort of squatter's right in his regards, it must be confessed."

"Yes, but by no means an exclusive one," replied Frederic, with a smile. "We almost grew up together in school; and knowing Charley Mason as you do, you will easily believe I became much attached to him. He is in Europe just now, you know."

"Yes; I hope to meet him in Paris, and then we shall travel together for several months, I suppose. You go to Paris, do you not? It would be a curious chance if we

should all meet there. He does not expect me, so it will be a double surprise."

"Paris is my first stopping-place ; but I am only on a business trip, and though I go as far south as Leghorn, I expect to be at home in less than two months."

"Perhaps we can arrange it to go so far together ; that is, if you will like it."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," replied Lawrence.

The new acquaintanceship was very soon consolidated into a friendship. Twelve days on shipboard are worth more than as many months on land for forming an intimacy, if there is any congeniality of feeling at the commencement.

Miller was contemplating a rambling tour of Europe as a further preparation for the literary pursuits to which he intended devoting his life. It was a valuable acquaintance to Lawrence. He was well qualified to appreciate in another, though he had only to a limited degree attained, himself, that elegant

culture which literature bestows upon the mind. Miller had a hearty interest in all that is beautiful or wonderful in nature and art ; but it was the interest of a healthy and active mind in the natural supply of its tastes and desires. He was far enough from that sickly sentimentalism which sometimes seems to characterize incipient genius. He did not effect long hair and negligence of apparel,

“ Nor à la Byron wear his collar down.”

Nor did he scribble sonnets on the railings, or on the fly-leaves in the ship's library. In short, the poetical character was proved in him, not so much by any outward badge, as by the evidence of a strong mind, a refined imagination, and a conscientious desire to serve mankind by contributing to the demands of the same faculties in others.

Twelve days upon the ocean passed very quickly to our young adventurers. They were quite free from the ennui which those

endured who could only change from state room to cabin, and back again from cabin to state-room, anticipating and retrospecting the four great events of the day,—breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper. To them, on the contrary, every object presented some point of interest. The various parts of the ship, the working of its ponderous machinery, even the routine, novel to them, of shipboard life, all attracted their notice, and added to their stock of information.

On the eleventh day, the white cliffs of Dover were visible above the blue waters ; and our travellers gazed long and earnestly at their first view of the land of their fathers. It was with a feeling of regret that Lawrence saw them disappear as if sinking into the waves. It was tantalizing to be so near, and not even to set his foot upon English soil. But he was rapidly approaching the end of the voyage, and his mind was soon occupied with anticipations of scenes in foreign lands.

The next morning, as they reached the deck, the old town of Havre, with its massive round tower, was in full view. Our two friends amused themselves with examining its quaint old buildings by means of a field glass, speculating upon the uses of different parts of the town, and conjuring up from history the distinguished characters that had acted a part within its walls.

The custom-house officer, with his curious medley of French and English, first reminded them that the business of life had recommenced for them, after a fortnight's vacation. Very few formalities were required with their light baggage, before our two travelers found themselves on the railway train for the great capital, where they arrived early in the afternoon. After examining the books of several hotels, they were fortunate enough to find the name of Charles Mason, Jr., from New York, and the three friends were very speedily established in the same lodgings. Mason's joy knew no bounds at

this unexpected meeting with the two persons of all the world whom he most desired to see at that particular time and place.

"There, Fred," he exclaimed, in his excitement, "I always said you were my good genius, and to find you dropping down upon me here, just at the time when I most needed you, I really am convinced of it. I have been dying of home-sickness ever since father left me here, a week ago—Paris has seemed the dullest place in the world to me. Now you two are here, I begin to think there may be something in it, after all. And then, I have always wanted that you should become acquainted, and it was quite comical that you should meet on the same ship coming to my rescue. It is good enough for a story."

CHAPTER XIV.

"WELL, what are you going to see in Paris?" Mason inquired, the next morning, at breakfast.

"The Louvre, of course, and the Luxembourg," said Miller, "and pictures and statuary wherever they are to be found."

"Business will have to be the chief thing with me," said Lawrence, "but I want to see the Hôtel des Invalides, and the Triumphant Arches, and the Bourse."

"Everything that has the name of Napoleon the First connected with it," said Mason, laughing. "You haven't given up hero-worship yet, Fred."

"Not quite. I think great men are too few and far between not to be appreciated when they do appear. Besides, I believe I have a small errand to fulfil at the Invalides."

"There is one place to which I wish to go," said Miller, "and that is the theatre where Rachel is acting."

"A capital idea. Suppose we go there to-night. What say you, Fred?"

"As far as I myself am concerned, I must say no, Charley. You know I never go to the theatre at home."

"But it is quite a different thing here, you know. The acting is of the very highest order, and as everybody goes, good, bad, and indifferent, there is no use in one's dissenting."

"I know there is some difference," replied Lawrence, "but not quite enough to alter my opinion. I have thought over the matter pretty thoroughly, and decided that there are fewer arguments for than against the theatre; and having come to that conclusion, I shall want some very good reasons for altering it."

"I know that," said Mason, laughing. "You are as 'set in your ways' as a certain

Deacon Goodman that I heard of once ; and when you have taken your position, I am only playing the game of Xerxes at Mount Athos in attempting to move you."

"I should never attend the theatre at home," said Miller, "though I have always wished to hear a superior actor. There are too many degrading associations connected with it, and I suppose its influence is in most cases injurious. But here in Paris, where, there is not a soul that knows us, our example certainly cannot have any effect. I think we may go to hear the first tragedienne of the age, with profit to ourselves, and no harm to any one else."

"We are not always so sure of that," replied Lawrence. "I knew a distinguished professor of elocution, in one of our home colleges, who, on a visit to a distant city, went to hear and see a celebrated actor. He thought himself entirely unknown, so that his influence would be nothing, and went, as you go, I suppose, only to study a good

model of oratory. He was rather mortified, then, to find himself seated next to a fellow-townsmen, and the very person of all the world whom he least desired to meet in those circumstances; a man of no moral principle, with whom he had held frequent discussions on questions of conduct, and who would greatly rejoice to detect any want of consistency in one who professed to be governed by conscience."

"But we are neither ministers nor professors," replied Miller; "and then, here it is so common, I am sure no one would look twice at the phenomenon of three young men going to a theatre. And if they did, what is the example of three in a million?"

"This, at least," said Lawrence, "that the million will never be right until the particular ones that compose the million do their duty."

"Certainly; but if one begins, how is he to be sure that nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine will

do their part, so that his plan of general improvement will not fall through at last, for want of support."

"If one does his own duty," said Lawrence, "I think he need not take the burden of the rest of the million upon himself."

"But we were speaking of influence," said Miller. "If my example is not of the slightest force either way, and the thing to be done is innocent to me, I see no reason for refraining from it, because it might be injurious to others. After all, this whole argument about individual influence seems to me fallacious. Since the days of Archimedes I think no man has attempted to move the world."

"But, since Archimedes never attained the position he wanted," replied Lawrence, "I imagine the world, if moved at all, will have to be moved by multitudes of smaller levers, used by different hands. The direction of the whole is not entrusted to any human

mind, but still their working may not be as disconnected as it might appear."

"Well, you have the best of the argument, apparently," said Miller, "but still I believe I shall risk the effect of my single influence and hear Rachel, if she appears to-night."

CHAPTER XV.

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home

"WHAT will you do with yourself this evening, Fred?" inquired Mason, as they rose from dinner; "I am sure you need some recreation more than we do; for you have been attending to your business all day, while we have been wandering about the city, or lounging upon the Boulevards, and skipping stones into the Seine."

"I must write letters home to-night," said Lawrence, "for the steamer goes out to-morrow, and the mail leaves here early in the morning."

"That's true," exclaimed Miller—"I had forgotten it entirely. I shall have to write after we return, just to announce my arrival. It will be so much the greater proof of

remembrance if I sit up into the small hours to accomplish the feat."

The classmates soon went their way, leaving Fred to solitude and his writing case. Perhaps we may be forgiven if we look into the letter he is writing :

" DEAR ADDIE :

"I doubt not you are waiting impatiently for your first letter from foreign lands, and perhaps also for the assurance of my safe arrival. Do not blame me, however, for the delay ; this will go by the first New York mail since I came here. There is something majestic in the movements of these ocean steamers ; they will not hurry for anybody's impatience.

"I had a very pleasant passage, only not quite enough variety ; the weather was beautiful all the time, and the ocean comparatively calm. I suppose you think that the very best weather possible for a voyage ; but I should like to have seen a storm—just

a very small one, you know—for the sake of curiosity. I had no time for sea-sickness, because I wanted to make the most of all the time for seeing and learning; so after a few wry faces the first day or two, I was quite free from it. It was rather comical, though, to watch the unfortunate ones who were victims to the *mal de mer*. That was not very good-natured, you think.

“I found on board an intimate friend and classmate of Charley Mason’s. He is really a very pleasant acquaintance, and has made the journey much more interesting to me. We found Charley, too, in Paris, yesterday; so we are all three together.

“Well, what of Paris? you are asking. I cannot tell you much about it yet. Did you ever hear of a man who

‘ Couldn’t see the town,
There were so many houses ’ ?

“That is just my condition here. The dust, and noise, and confusion, are much the same

as in any other city, and that is the most I have seen or heard, as yet. Business will occupy me quite as closely as ever during the few days I can remain, so I have not much time to realize that I am in the great capital of civilization.

"I have seen the Bourse, however, and several of the fine public squares ; and shall find time, in the chinks of business, to visit most of the buildings and monuments that we have heard so much about.

"You must be contented with rather a short letter to-night, as I have to write another, and am tired with such a day of business and sight-seeing. I will tell you the whole story when I get home.

"Ever your affectionate brother,

FRED."

CHAPTER XVI.

“Erlly hath life’s mighty question
Press’d upon thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching,
What and where is truth?”

“HE is a strange fellow, that friend of yours,” said Miller, as the two classmates walked arm in arm down the street, on their way to the theatre. “I like him vastly ; he is the very soul of honor, and goodness, and all that sort of thing, but just a little bit too puritanical—don’t you think so ?”

“Well, yes —perhaps,” said Mason ; “either he is too much so, or you and I too little ; I hardly know which.”

“Now, let me confess,” said Miller, “that I came out to-night from mere mulishness, because I would not seem to be convinced by his arguments ; for really I lost all desire of going to the theatre while we were talk-

ing. There is something in his quiet way that brings back all my home feeling, and I felt as if my mother were speaking to me through him."

"We are not in danger of too much home-feeling or mother-influence, tossed about here as we are, like chips on a mill-race," said Mason, musingly. "After all, Miller, there's no need of our going to the theatre, though we have come into the street, and I don't care to go to-night. Let us go into this café and read the papers, and listen to the talk to improve our French. Lawrence will have written his letter and be asleep by ten o'clock; so we can go back to our rooms in good season, and he be none the wiser."

"I don't know, Mason, that I care about dodging in that way. Lawrence may as well have the credit of his victory. Besides I really ought to spend the evening in writing letters, and nothing would have prevented my doing so, but the mulishness I told you of."

"And of which, on my part, I am heartily ashamed," said Mason. "No, you're right, Miller, there's no use sneaking home in that way. Fred is the most generous fellow in the world, and never seems conscious of any advantage he has gained. But then, he is so unalterably good; it sometimes exasperates me to think of it, in my unruly moods."

"What good domestic hours your Parisian theatres keep," said Fred, looking up with a quiet smile, from the letter he was just folding, as the two entered the room at nine o'clock. "I shall be ready to acknowledge, Charley, that they are vastly more innocent than those at home."

"If they never do more harm than they have done us this evening, I think so, too," said Miller. "To tell the truth, I thought it would sound strangely, if told in the home-circle that Alf went to hear Rachel in preference to writing home."

"Well, I suppose Rachel will do as well another time."

"I am quite sure she will."

"Now, tell me frankly, Lawrence," said Miller, as both were putting aside their writing implements, "if you do not find it burdensome to maintain the same strict rules of conduct here, that you would at home. Let me tell you how it is with me. I despise that rowdyish cant that would ridicule the being governed by maternal influence, and I glory in declaring that I would not do anything, even the least, to give my mother pain, or incur her displeasure. When I am at home, with all my movements known to her, I feel in a great measure bound by her rule of duty, though her judgment is on many points more rigid than my own; and there it is no burden, because the desire of pleasing her is stronger than any other. But here, wandering around the world, unknown, I feel as if I were responsible to no one, and am driven like a leaf before the wind, wherever my impulses take me."

"In one thing, I quite agree with you,"

replied Lawrence. "Regard for my mother's wishes would keep me from doing anything which she disapproved, even though my own judgment did not condemn it. But I think our principles of conduct should rest on stronger grounds than the opinion of another, even though that were almost sacred to us. Our own settled convictions of right are good for all latitudes, and will guide us when all other considerations fail."

"But if one has no very settled convictions of right," said Miller. "You seem to have your opinions all completed, sealed, and labelled, like a lawyer's briefs, ready to be referred to in any case of emergency. Now, for my part, I don't half know what I do believe about many of these things."

"I have found it best," said Lawrence "when a question comes up, to gain all needed information on the subject, and settle it at once. Then it never troubles me again, unless there appears sufficient reason for reconsideration and amendment."

“And so you go on from one thing to another, constructing your theory of ethics,” said Miller. “Really, Lawrence, you are more of a philosopher than one often finds under twenty-one. There is more logic required in ordering a life wisely than in elaborating a system.”

“Miller is rapidly becoming your devoted admirer and humble disciple,” said Mason. “It is equal to Socrates and Plato.”

“On a small scale,” said Miller. “But, really, Lawrence, I should be thankful for some of the data on which you have founded your ideas of the theatre. The chief reason why I have never been to it is, that the class of persons who attend are often not such as one would wish to mingle with. But it seems to me that the sin is not in the thing itself, but in its accidents.”

“It makes very little difference in what the sin consists,” said Lawrence; “so long as the whole thing has been found to be injurious. It may be a question for meta-

physicians whether the sin is *essential* or *accidental*; but the only practical question is, 'Does it do good, or, does it do evil?' If its results are evil, the thing itself is unsafe and wrong."

"Well, then, *is* the influence of the theatre always and necessarily bad?" said Miller. "The people of Athens were, as a mass, more intelligent than many nations of the present day, and they owed most of it to their drama."

"And the people of earlier Greece were thoroughly instructed in their national history by minstrels who wandered about with their harps; but it would be a roundabout way of instructing the masses nowadays, to assemble them together to hear a blind old man chant stories in doggerel rhymes. I think the race has outgrown its nursery rhymes and picture-books, and is to be instructed now by different means."

"But that only proves the unimportance of the theatre as a medium of instruction, which,

in the present age, I am willing to admit. I do not see why as a form of amusement it may not be harmless, and thus answer some good purpose."

"You judge of this thing in the abstract, Miller. You have not mingled in the actual current of city life, and seen the many motives that go to support an institution which, from a distance, may appear even beneficial. I have been in the very midst of it, and I tell you, that of thousands who frequent the theatre in New York, not one in five hundred goes for any higher inducement than the excitement of gas-light and crowds, while many, we know, are led by still lower motives."

"Do you mean to say that none go from a pure literary interest in the drama?"

"A few go for that reason, undoubtedly, but they are the exception and not the rule. We overrate their number, because they are those from whom we hear through the press, by their comments and criticisms, while of

the great mass who crowd the theatres, we know nothing individually."

"But after all," said Miller, "why must I be responsible for other people's motives? Am I to be debarred from instruction and intellectual enjoyment, because a thousand silly fools, who cannot taste that enjoyment, seeking the same amusement from unworthy motives, are injured by it? This does not seem to me like freedom. It is being in bondage to other people's imbecility."

"It is a very small degree of instruction or enjoyment you would lose; and with all the other means of improvement at your command, you would hardly miss it. But yet, Miller, if I thought that by my going once or twice, and that from the purest motives, a feather's weight would be withdrawn from the barriers that prevent others from habitual attendance; or, if a single one by my example should be induced to enter upon that course which, pursued, is sure to end in

dissipation and moral ruin, I would rather wear fetters and live in a dungeon all my days, than use my freedom thus for the **destruction of others.**"

CHAPTER XVII.

WITHIN the next week our three travellers took their leave of the great capital by the train for Lyons. Mason and Miller were to make their tour through Italy, accompanying Lawrence as far as Leghorn, where he would embark for home ; while they, after a pedestrian ramble through Switzerland and southern France, were to return to Paris, to complete their study of its wonders.

Nothing could exceed the interest and amusement of the railroad journey. The bracing air of a clear September morning, the excitement of new scenes and manners and language, the sense of rapid motion that always arouses the spirits of youth and enterprise, all lent their influence to excite

merriment, and make the hours of the journey pass rapidly away.

The three amused themselves with studying the different faces, and comparing their impressions as to the character and social condition therein displayed. At a way-station, near Paris, a woman with two young children entered the car. With the genuine politeness native to Frenchmen, half a dozen seats were immediately placed at her disposal, though all had been previously filled ; of which she took one nearly opposite our three friends, so as to fall unconsciously under their perfectly good-natured, though hardly civil observation.

More fastidious critics would hardly have awarded to her the title of lady, for her dress, though the model of neatness and simple taste, bore evident marks of superannuation. There was, however, an air of gentleness and refinement about the wearer, which, together with the pensive and almost sorrowful expression of her countenance, hushed all dis-

position to satirical remark, and our young observers-general soon turned to more amusing subjects of criticism.

As the train stopped in the depot at Lyons, and the passengers were dispersing, with much less bustle than an American 'station' presents on similar occasions, their attention was again attracted to their neighbor on the opposite side, who was trying in vain to make herself understood by the conductor. French evidently was not her native language; and an occasional word or accent soon convinced Lawrence that she was English.

"You speak English, Madam," said he, advancing respectfully toward where she stood; "could I be of any service to you as an interpreter?"

'Thank you,' said the stranger, with a smile of relief at the sound of her native language. "I am quite unaccustomed to the use of the French. My husband was to meet me here, but I fear he must have failed to

receive my letter. Perhaps the conductor could find him if he is in the depot."

"Let me show you first to the Ladies' Room," said Frederic. "He will be more likely to look for you there. If we do not meet him, I will find a directory and ascertain, if possible, his address, so that you can send a message."

"I am really giving you too much trouble," said the woman.

"Not the least—it is only a pleasure," replied Frederic, as he assumed the charge of several carpet-bags and bundles, while the stranger, carrying one child and leading the other, followed on the way to the sitting-room.

"Do let me assist you, Fred, in your new-found responsibilities," whispered Mason, seizing one of the satchels.

"Be careful—she can understand you," Lawrence replied, in French; "but if you want to make yourself useful, you may go and inquire if a Mr. John Ingham Smith has

been here looking for any one of the passengers."

"I presume such an article might be found," replied Mason, still in French.

"Oh, well, remember you are in a place now, where even a John Smith may be a rarity."

Woman, children, and baggage were soon deposited in the sitting-room, and their young conductor departed in search of the missing husband. He soon after made his appearance, having mistaken the time of arrival by half an hour. Receiving many acknowledgments for their small service, Lawrence and his companions departed in quest of lodgings for themselves.

"Acting Don Quixote yet, Fred," said Mason; "you really are a model of gallantry worthy of study."

"I regard it as nothing more nor less than a duty, Charley, to assist a woman who needs such a service. She was a perfect stranger in a strange place and bewildered by her

ignorance of the language. You would be ready to fight with any man, I know, who neglected to help your mother or sisters in such an emergency ; and that, I believe, is the standard for doing unto others."

"You are right, as usual, O pattern of perfection, and I am the impolitest fellow in existence ; but really, trudging along under your bundles, you looked so like those little beasts of burden that earn a sixpence by carrying a carpet-bag in New York, that it struck upon any ludicrous vein, just as everything does to-day."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIVE days sufficed to complete the business in Lyons, and our travellers were on their way to Marseilles, where they took the steamer for Leghorn.

"Who would have thought, a year ago," said Mason, as they sat on the deck of the little steamer, "that we three should be together at this time on the Mediterranean? Things do turn up rather nicely sometimes, after all."

"After all what?" said Lawrence. "I think we do quite as well to take it for the rule, and not the exception, that every thing will 'turn up' about right. There are very few things in the world worth having, that I don't expect to enjoy if I live long enough."

"Nor I," said Miller, "but it is because I take every thing as it comes, and squeeze the

greatest possible amount of enjoyment out of every hour and every circumstance. There is nothing so good that it seems beyond my reach, and nothing so bad that it may not have some grains of good in it. If I were so fastidious as to pick up only the unmixed and unexceptionable nuggets of gold, I should despair of ever completing my fortunes. As it is, I am a sort of Epicurean, and lay every thing under contribution."

"As a card I picked up to-day expresses

'Taught to range, with poet-vision,
Earth, and air, and sky,
And, o'erswept by dreams elysian
Of——'

"Writing bad verses," interrupted Miller. "It is unmerciful of you, Lawrence, to make such a *reductio ad absurdum* of my poetical ambition."

"The very last thing I thought of. No, no, I say you *have* a right as a poet, and no less as a man and a Christian, to enjoy all the good that nature, or art, or society can

offer. But I suppose you are equally at liberty to reject the poisons that may be found in either. While evil remains in the world, and we are as susceptible to its influences as humanity is now, we can hardly save ourselves the trouble of seeking the good and avoiding the evil."

"Oh, well, but who wants to play the philosopher so early in life?" said Mason, yawning. "You, Fred, were born with a professor's cap on; so to you it comes naturally to be 'always wise.'"

"No, I shall not assent to that," said Miller. "Lawrence is only as wise as the rest of us ought to be; and however far I fall below his standard, I can see that he is right."

"Yes, right always, most unquestionably right," replied Mason, "and I like it vastly in him; but what other mortal twenty years old was ever so sagacious? I intend to be so some day, but it seems to me now the only use in ever being young is, to have the freedom of the world for a little while. It

wouldn't be becoming in my father to cut up the capers I do now, and by the time I am forty or forty-five I mean to settle down upon my dignity and be a sober, respectable citizen."

"As the world is now," said Lawrence, "the freedom of it is very much like a little child having the freedom of a tropical forest, for we are but children if we refuse to exercise our faculty of discernment. One might be free to pick up pebbles or lizards, to eat berries or poisons, to play with pendent vines or with rattle-snakes, but there would be some difference in the results. However, it is very fortunate, Charley, that the capers you 'cut up' are rather in theory than practice. There is enough home-feeling about you yet to prevent any great wandering for the sake of 'seeing life.' Now, Miller, a penny for your thoughts."

"Perhaps they are to be worth more than a penny in future," interposed Mason, mischievously. "The king is one of the learned

professions, you know, so don't make too large demands for its gratuitous exercise."

"Perfectly at your service," said Miller. "I was contrasting the white outline of the coast with this 'summer heaven's delicious blue,' and then I thought how much more inspiration there is to joy and to fancy in these fresh and child-like influences of nature, than in all the false excitements that men call pleasure."

Many such discussions took place during the journey, in perfect good humor on all sides, affording exercise to thought, and in some degree elevating the standard of principle in all the youthful casuists. Frederic Lawrence, without the slightest assumption of superior wisdom, was more settled in his convictions of truth and duty than either of his companions."

He had long since pondered the weight of that command: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," and he perceived that upon it rested the equity of the law that

“every one shall give account *of himself* to God.” Without presumptuously setting aside the opinions of others, he knew that no one could bear for him the responsibility of a right guidance of his own conduct.

Seeking therefore all the light which reason and revelation could furnish, he had endeavored honestly and carefully to solve every practical question that presented itself in the course of his life ; and the result was, that though his decisions might not be infallible in wisdom, he was yet enabled in their strength to go on cheerfully with a clear and quiet conscience.

If sincere, earnest, patient thought were not so much an object of dread ; if the mind would but seriously consider the truths of its own existence, how much uneasiness would be spared ; how many joys would be brightened and divested of their sting ; how peaceful and how happy might our life become ! But nothing do we avoid so much as simple reflection upon the facts of our own

being ; and so we wander on in darkness, and complain of the many perplexities and uncertainties of life, unmindful of the light within that would dispel the darkness, and render the path plain and easy before us.

CHAPTER XIX.

‘HAVE you been to the post-office?’ inquired the two, in one breath, of Lawrence, as he entered their room at the hotel, on the evening of their arrival at Leghorn.

“Yes, but with no results to any one but myself. I have two letters, and you none.”

“The selfish wretch! to absorb all the news for his own private consumption. But you will perhaps let us share in it, at least if you have anything of a general character.”

“One of my letters is from home, and the other from Mr. Silver, which somewhat alters my plan of operations. There it is. It is short enough: read it.”

Mason read as follows:

“N. Y., Aug. 15.

“MR. F. LAWRENCE:—

“Since y’r leaving N. Y. news has been rec’d of the failure of A——,

B—— & Co., cotton manufacturers, in Manchester, Eng'd, who were indebted to us in the sum of \$4,500. I desire that you will proceed thither, after finishing your business in Leghorn, if possible in time for the meeting of creditors. Should the settlement be delayed, you can leave the business in the hands of some attorney in that city.

“Yours,

“J. R. SILVER.”

“What, you don't mean to say you are going to England?” said Mason, as he finished the letter.

“That looks like it, don't it? Did not I tell you, Charley, that everything turns out just right in the end? I was quite discontented not to stop in England, as I came; and now it seems I shall see the mother country, after all.”

“You are a fortunate fellow, Fred. I have the most unbounded faith in your good luck. I should like to go with you. V

promised to keep you company until you sailed for home."

"I should like it grandly, of course; but it would be absurd for you to be flying over the country by steam, as we business men are obliged to do."

"'We business men!' how dignified! I declare, Fred, you will look comical, representing the firm in a meeting of creditors."

"I imagine I shall feel comically, too. I shall have to borrow a grey wig and a gold-headed cane."

"And stoop a little, and affect the gout," said Miller. "I would recommend the study of Shylock, in order to prepare yourself for the mission. Perhaps you might even see it played at some theatre in London."

"I shall hardly have time," replied Lawrence, "to study my part so thoroughly. If Mr. Silver wished to be perfectly represented he should have come himself. One thing is certain, I must expedite matters here, so as

to lose as little time as possible in getting home."

"No doubt your worthy employer there regrets very much that you could not have gone to England on your outward voyage, so as to lessen the expenses of the journey to him."

"Well, that is right enough. I regret it, too, as far as his interests are concerned, and for that reason I want to accomplish all these affairs as quickly as possible."

"Don't kill yourself, though, Fred; I rather think Mr. S. can afford you time enough to transact his own business."

"Well, the case is just here, Charley. On this trip my time is not exactly my own, and I should not, of course, take a longer route, or spend an hour on my own gratification that should be employed in business. When I make the tour of Europe for the mere pleasure of it, it shall be at my own expense, and I will not owe a penny to any man. But since my travels are now thus neces

sarily extended, I will be thankful to Providence, and not to Mr. Silver, and make the most of the odd minutes to see and learn what I can."

The affairs in Leghorn were expedited as much as possible, and in three days Lawrence was ready for his northward journey. The only regret was in leaving the two friends whose pleasant companionship had increased tenfold the interest of his travels thus far. In a day or two he had traversed France from south to north, and, crossing the narrow channel, stood for the first time on English soil. It was almost like a return home, to hear once more his native language, and to be in the midst of places so intimately associated with the history of our forefathers.

With regret he hastened from London, leaving behind him its treasures of instruction, among which months might easily be spent without exhausting them. As he passed, with the speed of steam, through the

richly cultivated country that surrounds the great metropolis, objects that it had been his life-long wish to visit, seemed to vanish from his sight like the visions of a dream.

One week our traveller was detained in Manchester—a busy, bustling city, but with much less to awaken a stranger's interest than most of its sister cities of the same kingdom. The affairs with A——, B—— & Co. were at length brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and the first Saturday in October found our traveller in Liverpool, with passage engaged in one of those grand ocean steamers that form the pride of our country and of the age.

CHAPTER XX.

‘Oh! ’tis hame, ’tis hame, ’tis hame wad I be!’

IF the enthusiasm that attends the commencement of a voyage had partly died away in the fatigues of a long journey, it was not with the less happiness that Frederic found himself once more upon the deck of the steamer, with the broad expanse of sky and water spread out before him. Distance has some of the attributes of time, and the six weeks spent, thousands of miles from home, surrounded by language and social customs entirely foreign, seemed longer than many a year of unvaried routine.

Home and its inmates seemed like a beautiful dream, to which distance lent even more than its natural enchantment.

Ten or twelve days seemed an endless time to intervene before he could see them

again. It was the time for home-sickness. The excitement of the trip was past, with its opportunities for improvement ; the novelty of a voyage was exhausted ; his mind stretched eagerly forward to the reunion with the loved ones at home.

There was little left to examine about the steamer, and the attention of our traveller was occupied chiefly with his fellow-passengers.

The company on board the steamer *Agoph* consisted chiefly of American families returning from a summer's tour in Europe. Many had evidently gone for fashion's sake, or for relief from the insupportable *ennui* of a life devoted wholly to amusement.

There were ladies who had been studiously acquiring a Parisian air and accent, which, together with a cargo of laces and embroideries, were to constitute their irresistible attractions for the ensuing season. There were gentlemen who, in importing a genuine French valet, with an unlimited quantity of Lubin's

various manufactures, were adding the finishing touch to the climax of their social perfections. There were matrons of the fashionable world, who had submitted to a European voyage as a duty to themselves and to their daughters, and blessed their stars for every night that terminated one day of the self-inflicted penance. There were persecuted papas, with the visage of despair, as they thought of enormous bills already presented, who rued the day when their consent had been obtained to such a round of foolish extravagance.

It was rather amusing to watch the groupings of these characters as they met in the familiar intercourse of sea-life. The gentlemen could use up the day quite tolerably with cigars on deck, or billiards in the cabin, but the ladies—the fashionable ones, we mean—avoided the open air as if it were infectious. If the ocean *was* grand, as people said, were their beautiful faces to be made burnt sacrifices to it?

In the midst of the little museum on board, our student of the world-college, unnoticed and unobtrusive, was amusing himself with illustrated studies of human nature. There is no machine more interesting in its complicated workings than the human mind, and he who has learned to study it intelligently will never want for entertainment, even in the dulllest circumstances where two or three are gathered together.

The passengers of the steamer were not all included in the classes we have named. There were some who were returning from the Old World, enriched by the enjoyment of its treasures of art, without having lost a love for their own country, or the honest simplicity of republican manners. They wished, if it were possible, to transplant to American soil all that the Old World has of beauty and refinement, without absurdly aping the details of foreign customs.

Among these were an old gentleman and his daughter, who were returning to their

home in New York after a year's residence in Europe. From meeting him every day upon deck in his morning walks, Frederic gradually formed rather more than a passing acquaintance with this gentleman ; and such was the winning affability of his manner, that from a simple 'good-morning' in answer to his daily salutation, Fred soon found himself entering into long conversations, and talking not only upon general subjects, but of himself and his affairs, as to a familiar friend. There was nothing of cold curiosity in Mr. Russel's manner of drawing him out upon these subjects, nor yet of indifference, as if he formed the acquaintance merely to pass away the time ; a cordial interest in the welfare of others shone in every look, and spoke in every word.

Mr. Russel was a merchant from New York. After accumulating a princely fortune, he had withdrawn from active employment, devoting his old age to the promotion of the happiness and improvement of his only

daughter whom the death of her mother had left entirely to his care and attention. After the completion of her course of study in a seminary at home, they had travelled together over the most interesting portions of our own country. All that nature can bestow upon a pure and aspiring mind, enlarging its scope and elevating its aims, she had sought among the vast lakes and the mighty rivers, the mountains and the valleys of her own land. A year in Europe had now been devoted to the study of those arts and accomplishments which add happiness and refinement to the home circle.

Display was the last thing contemplated in Emily Russel's education. Her father, dreading lest his child should be corrupted by the social influences among which his wealth would naturally have placed her, chose to live aloof from the gay world, at least until her character should be strengthened, that she might be proof against its fascinations. The result was, that Emily Rus

sel added to the charm of a vigorous and well cultivated mind all the grace and elegance of deportment which true refinement can bestow, without that artificial polish which only renders more visible the shallowness of a mind whose highest life is in society.

Our Frederic could not have been considered a very susceptible youth. His mind had been for years too much occupied in solid acquisitions to wander off in quest of romance, and the names of mother and sister were the only ones that had ever maintained a special place in his regard. Nevertheless he must not be too severely judged, if, in the long unoccupied days of the homeward voyage, strange day-dreams began to sweep over his thoughts like clouds over a June meadow. The more accustomed a mind has been to intense activity, the more wild and romantic are its musings when shut up from the possibility of action. An ocean voyage is a curious interregnum in a busy life. Cut

off from one's usual scene of activity, with long days to be passed away before another field for exertion can open, the thoughts and fancies enjoy a vacation, and are sure to revenge themselves by sport and frolic, for the usual restraint.

And so, as he studied the motives which actuated the little world in which he was placed, and learned to distinguish the true excellence and refinement from the false, Fred came quite unconsciously to the conclusion that there was not, either in that little world or in the larger one, another being so altogether perfect as Emily Russel, or another to whom he would so willingly devote the service of a life. To be sure, that sober judgment which had always been the ruling principle of his life, pronounced these fancies completely absurd; and Frederic, like a sensible youth as he was, coincided with his judgment; but the fancies had their own way, after all.

"If she were only poor," he said to him-

self—"but it shall never be said that Fred. eric Lawrence became rich by a fortunate match. No, no! I will make my own fortune,—I am equal to that. I hope,—and then—Pshaw! this lazy voyage life has made a fool of me. Soon I shall have something to do and think of, and then I shall be free from these idle fancies."

Would those long dull days never come to an end? It seemed as if between him and his home there was a great gulf fixed. Perhaps it was only distance, which can be indefinitely compressed but never wholly annihilated by human power.

CHAPTER XXI.

*"Frail art thou, O man ! as a bubble on a breaker,
Weak, and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught in
a storm."*

THE passage had been somewhat impeded by unfavorable winds, so that it was not until the tenth day that the steamer approached the banks of Newfoundland, and plunged into the region of mists and fogs that hang over them. Even this least agreeable part of the journey was hailed by the weary passengers as one stage nearer home. Yet, as the fog became denser through the night, so that with the morning light an unpractised eye could not distinguish an object at half the ship's length, a spirit of gloom and despondency seemed to settle over the whole company. The captain was evidently keeping a sharp look-out ; and some lines of anxiety were visible on his usually unread-

able countenance. The sailors went about their duties without word or audible sound; and from the upper deck they looked like phantoms springing from the mist and vanishing into it again.

It was seven o'clock when Frederic came on deck, though the obscurity made it appear at least an hour earlier. It was a damp autumnal morning, and the raw sea air sent a chill along the veins not more conducive to cheerfulness than comfort.

Still onward the good ship plunged through the darkness, checking not one pulsation of her mighty heart, beating the dark waters with the firm, regular strokes of her iron arm, the grandest expression of man's power and pride amid the mighty works of Nature. The heavy tone of the bell mingled with the sound of the machinery and the voice of many waters; but that which was meant for warning and protection seemed to many like the knell of impending destruction.

Frédéric was not subject to fear; he

rather enjoyed a sense of danger as adding variety to the feeling of life and strength. Nevertheless, his nature was not so shallow as to view with trifling or thoughtlessness the contingencies of an hour like this. As he stood upon the deck and gazed upon the grey curtain of twilight which closed over the narrow view, though he felt no trembling, there was a deep sense of the littleness of human power, and the Almightyness of Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand.

At eight o'clock the passengers were assembled as usual, at breakfast. The captain spoke cheerfully of their prospects. The fog was indeed much denser than usual, but there was no certainty of danger. They were far enough from the coast, and the steamer could push on through the calm waters as safely in darkness as in light. A few hours at the usual rate would place them beyond the misty curtain, and beneath a clear sky, he hoped. They might reach Halifax that

very afternoon, and then two or three days would bring them to New York.

After the morning meal, many of the passengers went on deck for air and exercise, and Frederic returned to his post of observation. The fog seemed, if possible, denser than before. Sea and sky were covered with an impenetrable curtain of mist, which rendered the sun completely invisible, only his dim diffused rays shedding a little light through the obscurity. The company of promenaders on deck seemed to feel the natural influence of the scene. The gay conversation which had been commenced on deck, as if by an effort, gradually assumed a more subdued tone, and died away into silence.

Suddenly a deafening crash, and a violent shock made the mighty ship tremble in every timber. A moment of awful silence followed, in which some looked into each other's faces with pale dismay, or clung instinctively to the nearest support. A dark apparition

like a phantom ship was visible a moment at the bows, and then disappeared into the darkness. Then there was the faint sound of a human voice attempting to hail from the stranger vessel, but the rushing waters prevented words from being distinguished, and the two ships were borne quickly apart by the action of the waves.

Then came the buzz of inquiry ; and confusion took the place of the momentary stillness. There was hurrying to and fro, calling for life-boats, life-preservers, etc., every sound adding terror to the scene without procuring relief. The hysterical cries of many who lost all self-control communicated the panic to others ; and those who viewed the scene more calmly, were hardly to be censured if they wished that the hour of decision might hasten.

The captain sought to still the confusion by his voice of authority, and for a moment gained the attention of the excited multitude ; as, mounted upon the wheel-house, he

exclaimed with his utmost strength of voice, "There is no need of alarm. We have run into a schooner and sustained a slight injury in the bows. We are within three hours of Halifax. We can undoubtedly reach that port in safety."

The tumult was hushed for a moment, but fears were not so easily dispelled. The ship had begun to settle down toward the bows, and the deck slanted at a fearful inclination. It was a group with pale faces and trembling voices that assembled in the cabin. Wives sought their husbands, children clung closely to their parents, and some, who had no earthly refuge, put their trust in a better friend, the Almighty Father.

Frederic Lawrence still retained his position on the upper deck. There was none in all that little busy world that sought his aid, or cared for his safety, or even remembered his existence. He did not believe the words of the captain; it was too evident that the ship would not sustain them above the waves

another hour ; but he stood calmly awaiting the moment when he must cast himself into the rolling waters. He thought of mother, and of home ; and with those thoughts came more forcibly than ever to his mind the words she had taught him there in earliest childhood : " What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." " For Thou only makest me to dwell in safety." A calm and cheerful trust filled the place that fear had demanded.

He looked about to see if any one needed his assistance. Emily Russel was standing with her father at a little distance, leaning against the railing. She was wrapped closely in a large shawl ; her face was pale, but her eyes had an expression of hope and confidence that was almost sublime. At this moment her father, who had been earnestly examining the lower deck, exclaimed :

" There is a life-boat that ought to be launched. No one seems to have noticed it. I must leave you one instant, my darling, to

speak to the captain, and demand a place for us."

"Alone, father?" said Emily, with quivering lips.

"I will not be out of sight one second, you can watch me. Mr. Lawrence," said he, catching sight of Frederic, "may I ask you to stand here one moment, while I am gone?"

"Certainly, sir," said Frederic, springing with alacrity to his post of duty.

It was no time for words; and even had there been less danger to absorb their thoughts, neither was so in bondage to the laws of etiquette as to consider it necessary to maintain conversation in all times and places. Emily stood watching her father, her eyes devouring every movement, as he forced his way through the crowd on the lower deck, and reached the place where the captain stood. Frederic was gazing at the ship, which now began to roll with a more uneasy motion, as if some new advantage

had been gained by the element of destruction.

Suddenly there was a violent plunge, and a hollow, gurgling sound, as the water filled the hold, and the ship sunk with her lower deck beneath the waves.

"Father ! father !" Emily shrieked, but there was no voice to answer. One by one, movable articles floated up from the buried deck, and among them the quick eye of Frederic discerned, or he thought he did, human heads striving to hold their way above the force of the current. But there was not a moment for waiting or observation.

"Let me fasten your shawl more closely," said he quickly—"it will serve as a life-preserver."

Emily submitted without a word ; her eyes were wandering anxiously over the place where the deck had disappeared—all consciousness of herself was merged in the thought of her father. While Frederic was

looking about for the best place from which to plunge into the waves, the necessity of a choice was saved them ; for, with another convulsive movement, the upper deck, their resting-place, sank beneath the surface of the water.

There was a momentary shock, the sense of suffocation, as the cold waves closed over them ; then, almost immediately, they floated to the surface. Frederic was an expert swimmer ; but it required one strong arm to support his almost fainting charge, while with the other he directed their course out from the currents and eddies around the sinking ship. There was little use in swimming, even had it been possible. The port was at least ten miles distant, and the only human hope was from the little fishing vessels which frequent the waters in its vicinity. All that could be done was to float upon the surface until rescue could arrive. Frederic was sensible only of strong will and desperate exertion—a clinging to strength and con

sciousness when it seemed as if both were deserting him ; and weeks and months seemed to have passed away while astro-nomic measurements would have numbered but a few hours. Then, at last, there was the impression of being lifted up by human hands, and laid to rest ; and, with the necessity, the power of exertion vanished : he was in a state of unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XXII.

GRADUALLY Frederic returned to life and consciousness. Hours must have passed, for it was night. He was alone in a small but neat and comfortable apartment, which reminded him of the room he had occupied in the hotel at Manchester. Little by little the impression dawned upon him that he was on land, for the motion of the ship was gone; the only sensation was that of perfect rest.

Yet it was long before curiosity was excited as to his present condition; the mere sense of being, of the newness of life, was enough to satisfy every want. Life, that had, a few hours ago, been suddenly withdrawn, seemed just dawning upon him anew, as if he were indeed a little child. The feeling of strength and self-reliance that had

been dominant in his mind, had given way to a humble and childlike trust : and, as the thought of renewed activity returned, it was mingled with the resemblance of a divine power that must supply the energy with which to act.

The varied scenes and events of his life passed in review like a panorama, while half recovered from the exhaustion he lay in a dreamy state between sleeping and waking. Memory only was awake, while all consciousness or interest in the present lay dormant. Realities were like dreams, and dreams as solid as realities ; but in either he seemed to have no personal interest except as a spectator. At last, a vision, long forgotten, rose in distinct remembrance. It was his boyhood's dream, in which he had been a knight errant, and rescued a beautiful princess from a devouring monster. In groping through the past he seemed to have touched a spring that answered in the present. The incident of the last twelve hours began to float before

him like phantoms in the misty light of memory. And then a fancied similarity between the two flashed upon his mind so strangely, that he awoke with a smile into a more vivid consciousness.

"Where was he? how came he there? Had Emily survived the perils of that horrible morning? Had her father ever risen from that ill-fated deck? Were the other passengers safe?—how selfishly he had been rejoicing in the consciousness of safety, regardless of the fate of others!"

With an impulse almost of shame, Frederic started up, and violently pulled the bell-rope that hung within reach of his hand. A waiter appeared.

"Tell me what place this is," exclaimed Frederic, hastily.

"It is the Royal 'otel in 'alifax," replied the waiter, with a grin.

"How long have I been here, and how did I come?"

"You was brøught into the 'arbor, I 'eard

by a fishing smack, from the wreck of the Hagoph. An old gentleman brought you 'ere in a carriage this noon, with a young lady that was saved by the same boat."

"They are safe, then,—the old gentleman and his daughter?"

"Yes, sir, the gentleman had you put in this room—his own is close by—and came and staid by you till you came out of the faint and went to sleep. I thought he was your father, sir," continued the waiter, confidentially.

"No," said Frederic. "How many of the passengers escaped?"

"There was near fifty brought here," said the waiter, glad to find another listener to his more than twice-told tale of gossip. "Most all of them came to, after a while, but I believe there was one or two drowned."

"That is all I want, I believe," said Frederic; "you may bring me a cup of tea; I shall not leave my room to-night."

The waiter soon returned, bringing a card 'with Mr. Russel's compliments, and would like to see Mr. Lawrence when it was convenient.'

"Give my respects to Mr. Russel," said Frederic, "and say that I will wait upon him to-morrow morning."

It was a clear October morning when Frederic awoke, refreshed by the quiet repose of the night. The dreamy fancies of the previous evening had vanished, and he began to look at his circumstances in a more business-like manner. Some means must be found for completing his journey; by this time he had hoped to be at home.

Then he recollected Mr. Russel's message; and, improving his toilette as much as the scanty resources at hand would permit, he went forth to ascertain the time. It was already nine, and after a hasty breakfast he presented himself at the door of that gentleman's private parlor.

Emily was seated in an arm-chair, looking

pale and exhausted ; but her face lighted up with a happy smile as he entered. Mr. Russel met him at the door, and shook both hands several minutes before he could utter a word.

" You have saved my only treasure," said he at last, in a broken voice ; " an old man's gratitude is yours."

" I only did my duty, sir," said Fred-eric.

" But you did it nobly, young man ; I must know more of you in future ; I will not depreciate your generous action by offering service or influence or anything else as a return for it ; but you must allow me at least the privilege of a friend. Spend your time with us, at least when it is agreeable to you, and we will contrive to pass the hours away pleasantly until we can start again for home."

" How long shall we probably be detained, father ?" asked Emily.

" Not more than three or four days ; for

the steamer of the other line is expected on Saturday."

"It seems a long time to wait," said Emily, with a sigh.

"I think we should make ourselves contented, my dear, since we carry all of home with us but the place. There is no one, you know, to expect our arrival, or be anxious at the delay. With Mr. Lawrence I believe the case is different."

"My only uneasiness," said Frederic, "is, lest my mother and sister may hear of the wreck, and be in great suspense as to my fate."

"We must telegraph immediately to relieve their anxiety. I am going out soon for a little walk, and will see to it."

"Is it not giving you too much trouble, sir? I was going to the telegraph office this morning."

"No, no! I shall prescribe perfect rest for you to-day. I have not so much need of it, you know. So, if you young people will

amuse yourselves awhile, I will go now, that no time may be lost."

Mr. Russel soon returned to say that the wires were undergoing repairs, and that no messages could be sent.

"There is one comfort," said he. If no dispatches are sent, of course they can receive no news that will awaken anxiety. I took care to put our names in full on the list of the saved, so the first account of the danger will tell also of the escape."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Oh ! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on,—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthened chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee,—
When port is gained, and slowly now
The old familiar paths are passed,
And entering, unconscious how,
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek,—
Then, mother ! 'twill be like a dream
That we were parted."

WILLS.

THREE days passed—as agreeably as would be possible to travellers longing for home, and thus suddenly cut off from the approach to it. Mr. Russel sought every means of amusement to occupy the time, and banish home-sickness. When strength was sufficiently restored, they took long rides in the environs of the city, not specially interesting or beautiful as compared with many other cities, but furnishing a pleasant relief from

the *ennui* of ship-life, and the monotony of the hotel.

Nevertheless, all were rejoiced when, at the end of the week, a steamer of the other line arrived, on the way to New York, and the passengers of the lost ship were transferred to her. Frederic knew what torturing anxiety must be felt at home, if the intelligence of the wreck had arrived, and the utmost speed of steam could not satisfy his impatience to relieve their suspense.

It was late in the evening when the steamer reached the dock in New York. Unincumbered by baggage, our traveller rapidly traversed the distance that still separated him from home. It was but two months since he had trod the same streets, after bidding farewell to mother and sister; yet how strange every old familiar object now seemed! It was as if he had been on a pilgrimage of years, and he felt as if great changes must have taken place.

A few minutes brought him to the well

known door. Addie answered his summons, and fell into his arms, with a cry of joy. She, poor child, had heard of the disaster, and had borne the whole weight of solicitude alone, rather than communicate it to her mother. The news of the wreck had arrived by a small vessel which left Halifax on the morning of the disaster, but there was no report of the names or number of the saved. Mrs. Lawrence seldom read the papers, depending upon her daughter for an account of the news of the day ; and having seen no one else recently, had heard not the slightest rumor of the wreck. Addie had eagerly searched every paper for the least mention of the missing Agoph ; but had been careful to conceal or destroy all that contained any allusion to its wreck.

It was only when her son was restored to her, in health and safety, that Mrs. Lawrence learned of the perils he had encountered. It was too late then for anxiety, but still it was with a trembling joy that she listened to

the story of his adventures. Poor Addie, losing all the calmness she had so bravely assumed during those days of suspense, could only cling sobbing to her brother, fearing lest the happy dream might vanish. Every incident of peril and escape was lived over again by the eager listeners: and earnest thanksgivings arose that night from the happy little household.

A few days later, during Frederic's absence at business, his mother received a call from Mr. Russel. His heart was still overflowing with gratitude for the preservation of his child; and no words seemed enough to express his admiration of the courage and presence of mind displayed in the rescue.

"You have reason, madam, to be proud of such a son. Never have I found, in one of his age, so exalted a sense of honor, with such unaffected modesty. He really did not seem to be conscious that his noble deed was in any way remarkable, or worthy of praise, while I am sure that very few young per-

sons, alone, in circumstances of such fearful danger, would have thought of anything more than their own escape. I had left my daughter for one moment to speak to the captain, upon the lower deck, at the very instant when the ship sunk. As it went down I received a blow upon the head from some movable article, which rendered me insensible for several minutes; while my poor child, orphaned for the time being, would have been left to the mercy of the waves, but for your son's generous efforts.

“I had fallen—by chance, it seemed, or rather, providentially—upon the life-boat, which had at that moment been lowered on to the deck. When I recovered from the temporary lapse, no trace could be found of my child, though we searched the spot where the wreck had disappeared. We were soon perceived, however, by a little fishing vessel, which was on the search for persons from the lost ship; and on going on board I had the joy of finding my lost treasure uninjured,

while her brave deliverer, his strength completely exhausted, had fallen apparently lifeless. Thank God, that rest, and the buoyancy of a youthful constitution, have restored him to us and to you again ! Excuse it, if I have wearied you with this narration, the main incidents of which you already know ; but I feared your son's humility would not permit him to do himself justice."

"It is never wearisome, I believe, to a mother, to hear of her son's right actions," said Mrs. Lawrence, with a smile of maternal pride. "But what you have mentioned, sir, as an act of heroism, was still, I think, nothing more than the performance of a duty ; and I should, indeed, be disappointed if my son were found wanting to the claims of duty in such an emergency."

"Few, persons, madam, have so elevated a standard of duty. Among strangers, especially in travelling, selfishness seems to be the rule, and benevolence the exception. Disinterestedness, if it exists, seldom extends

beyond the merest trifles. I wish more of our young people could be educated as your son has been, to this noble spirit of self-sacrifice. But you will allow me, I trust, in some inquiries as to the manner of his education. If I trespass beyond the privilege of an almost stranger, it is not from impertinent curiosity. Our common peril, and my debt of gratitude, have drawn us very near together ; and as I watched over his bedside, awaiting anxiously the first sign of life, you will not wonder that my feeling was rather that of a father for a son, than stranger for stranger. But I was speaking of education. I have derived a singular pleasure from the acquaintance I formed with him during the few days of our residence together ; and I have been scarcely less surprised at the extent of his acquirements than at his courage and generosity. Yet he informs me that he has never been at college."

"He has not, though it was a cherished

plan during his childhood, that he should receive a liberal education. It was quite a disappointment to him when it was decided that he must give up his hopes of study, and devote his life to business."

"And yet, apparently, he has not lost very seriously by the disappointment. Among the graduates of our colleges you seldom find greater mental cultivation, while in real force of mind and general intelligence there are few who equal him. But he has surely pursued some systematic course of study and self-discipline?"

"He fully determined, on leaving school, four or five years ago, that he would not remain uneducated, though deprived of the ordinary means of instruction. This resolution, whether expressed in writing, I know not, has evidently had a forming influence upon his whole life. Of course, studying only in the intervals of business, he has labored under some difficulties in the effort to concentrate his attention; but I think

the effort has itself been of service to him."

"It must have been, for his mind has acquired strength in the attempt to overcome obstacles. For my own part, while I am far from undervaluing our institutions of learning, I believe there is more in the duties and emergencies of life to develop the real energies of the mind, than in a mere scholastic discipline. One that is willing and prepared to profit by the teaching of events, will not want intelligence or real mental power."

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing
Like a compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,—
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy and not of fear.”

LONGFELLOW.

MR RUSSEL might well be selected as a model of a man of wealth. He enjoyed success in commercial life, without the narrowing effect which it often has upon the character. The desire of wealth which had prompted his early efforts, was not the mere selfish instinct of avarice, but the wish to wield a power for the good and happiness of his fellow-men in a wide circle, and to gratify the noblest tastes of a refined and cultivated mind. His riches had been the source of bounty and blessing to all within the sphere of his influence. His sympathies

were universal, and there were none within his knowledge who, through misfortune or incapacity, suffered the evils of poverty, who did not receive in some delicate and unostentatious manner the material expression of that sympathy. While the public and wholesale charities of the day received his hearty support, it was in these less known and more personal deeds of kindness that he found the greatest delight.

Especially to those who were commencing their career in life, his sympathy and encouragement were always cordially extended. His friendship for them, when once established, had all the enthusiastic warmth of youth, with the firmness and judicious counsel of later age. He entered into all their plans with disinterested zeal, encouraged every high aim and generous effort, and, by every means in his power, assisted them toward success. He seemed to value the station he had attained, only for the sake of lifting others to the same level; and both

money and influence were freely devoted to this end.

For Frederic Lawrence, Mr. Russel had conceived an almost fatherly interest. He resolved that if his wealth or influence could produce any effect, that young man should succeed as well as he deserved in life ; for, without doubting in the least that an all-arranging Providence is sure to reward diligence and moral worth, Mr. Russel considered it a privilege to be the special agent of that Providence.

As a first step, he proposed to Lawrence a situation in the large publishing establishment in which he was partner.

"I want you under my own eye," said he, "for no one else can have as much interest in your success as myself. Then, if you like the business, your way will be clear to become a member of the firm ; for that is always understood in our establishment ; those who have been long with us, and proved themselves faithful, have the preference to strangers."

"You are very kind, sir. I would like a few days to consider the question before making a decision. I have been thinking that I ought to make choice of an employment for life, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with its details before the time comes for going into business for myself."

"Certainly a matter like this should not be decided hastily. You have not chosen the dry-goods business as a permanence, then?"

"No, sir. I accepted my present situation because it was the only one that offered. As a book-keeper, it is of comparatively little importance what department of merchandise I have to do with; but if I am ever to hold a different position I should have a great deal of choice."

"You are quite right in looking forward to a different position, and providing for it in time. What kinds of business have you had in mind?"

"I have given the subject but little thought

as yet. The chief objection to the dry-goods business is its insecurity. But I would also like, if possible, an employment which is in itself improving ; and nothing, perhaps, would answer that purpose so well as the book business."

"The ruling passion," said Mr. Russel, with a friendly smile, "and a very worthy passion it is. Self-culture is one great object in life, and the most important means to what we are told is its 'chief end.'"

"I do not know but I have made it in itself the chief end," said Frederic, after a moment's pause. "Being deprived of the privileges which many enjoy, I have been obliged to make my daily employments, as far as possible, a means of education."

"Making them serve the very purpose for which God ordained them. But there are other objects, doubtless, which you would like to effect by your business."

"Yes, sir, and its direct object is by no means the least. I have many motives for

desiring wealth, if it can be honorably gained."

"Of course ; everybody desires it, and rightly too, when the desire is not excessive. But tell me now, why you would like to be rich ; for you are apt to know the reasons of things, and I fancy it is not a mere sordid love of money that would actuate you."

"The first and strongest reason is very personal. I am the only son, Mr. Russel, and my mother is a widow. I wish to prosper in life, for her sake. But then, wealth is a great power in the world as it now is, and I suppose there are few that have not some ambition for the exercise of power. There are many objects to be accomplished in the way of public improvements and charities, which now I can only look on and wish that some one would undertake ; and it seems to me it would be far more pleasant, instead of planning for others, to take hold and do the work myself."

"Very true—wealth rightly used is ' twice

blessed.' But, as to the means of attaining it, one should make up his mind in the beginning that a fortune cannot be made in a day. Many a man has been spoiled by too great haste to be rich."

"I should greatly prefer," said Frederic, "some sure and safe, though slow business. I should have a sort of pride in fairly earning my success, if I attain it. The satisfaction must be greater in the end than if wealth were the result of a fortunate speculation."

"I see you need no help in deciding the question wisely. Well, think it over, and let me know your decision as soon as it is made."

CHAPTER XXV.

"MY daughter will be happy to see you to-morrow," said Mr. Russel, as he parted with his young friend on the last day of the year. "You make some New Year's calls, I presume?"

"A few, sir, and I shall not fail to pay my respects to Miss Russel."

It was a splendid morning that ushered in the new year. The clear and bracing air, the brilliant contrast of snow-covered roofs with the deep blue sky, the merry music of sleigh-bells already on the jingle for the day's festivities, were all in keeping with the general exhilaration of spirits that seemed to reign throughout the great cities which cluster around the region of New Netherlands.

According to the custom of the good old

Dutch settlers, the streets were filled with callers, on their way to exchange the congratulations of the season with the whole circle of their acquaintance. Exclusiveness for once is laid aside, and general hospitality and good-will are the presiding spirits. Long live the good old custom! If abuse has marred its benefits, and social cheer has heightened into unnatural revelry, under a poisonous stimulus, let us banish the poison, and return to the free and uncorrupted cordiality of the olden time.

It was late in the afternoon when Fred-eric Lawrence turned his steps in the direction of Mr. Russel's mansion. Within a little distance of it, he met a young man whom he had known familiarly in the way of business, though with his social standing he was quite unacquainted.

"Is that you, Lawrence? Good-evening."

"Good-evening, Marston. You are going my way, it seems. Where are you going to call?"

"On Miss Russel, in Fourteenth street."

"You know her, then?"

"Know her! guess I do, and what's more, I mean to cultivate the acquaintance as fast as possible. To tell the truth, I have some hopes in that direction. Old man's pretty rich, you know."

"I believe he is," said Frederic.

"But you are going there, too. Are you acquainted with Miss Emily?"

"Slightly. I am acquainted with her father in business matters," said Frederic, with the feeling that it was sacrilege to mention Emily Russel in such a connection.

The house of Mr. Russel was in perfect keeping with the character of its owner. Stately and sumptuous as his wealth demanded, there was yet an air of home-like comfort in the atmosphere which pervaded it, which greeted one with a welcome at the very threshold. The warm tints of the walls and carpets inspired a feeling of cheerfulness, without a consciousness of whence it

came ; and the unaffected ease and hospitality which reigned among all the inhabitants of the house from master to footman, made one feel at home from the first moment.

The parlors were furnished in a style which conformed sufficiently to the fashions of the time, and yet was evidently the result of a taste rather of the massive old English order. Nothing seemed designed merely for show, and yet an elegant taste had found use for so many beautiful objects, that the most fastidious lover of ornament must have been satisfied. The pictures were all selected, and the position of each so judiciously chosen, that it seemed almost a necessary part of its own work. In short, all the articles of comfort or taste were so harmoniously disposed, that nothing seemed in excess.

Emily Russel was receiving company for the first time since the death of her mother. For the two preceding years she had been absent from home ; and of the many who called on this day, either from friendship for

her father, or to renew their acquaintance with the family, very few were well known to her. She would gladly have excused herself from thus alone performing the honors as lady of the mansion; but her father's earnest wish prevailed, and she consented to act the part.

He had himself selected her dress for the occasion, and her appearance certainly did honor to his choice. A natural anxiety to acquit herself well of the duties of her new position, cast a slight shade of timidity over her address, but could not destroy its graceful dignity as she received and entertained her guests.

Marston had long been on terms of familiarity, as their families were distantly related. Lawrence was received with a frank and friendly cordiality which rendered him at once perfectly at ease. He had not met Emily since he had left the steamer, on their arrival in New York. Though the thought of her had been a frequent one during the

interval, every word and look now recalled to him with new distinctness the scene of the wreck. He avoided any allusion to it, however, and the conversation ran on indifferent subjects; the "small talk" which with very different degrees of tact and grace in its management is supposed to constitute the universal currency of New Year's day.

A generous entertainment was spread in the back parlor, and thither the guests were invited as they arose to take leave.

"Let me pour you a glass of wine, Mr. Lawrence," said the fair lady of the mansion, as she advanced to a side-table, on which stood a massive silver service.

"Thank you, Miss Russel, I will take lemonade in preference."

"And you, Mr. Marston?"

"Certainly, if you please. A glass so offered is not to be declined."

It was very far from the first glass Marston had taken that day, with precisely the same excuse; and Lawrence began to see

the cause of the talkativeness that had so surprised and disgusted him during their walk in the street.

But for himself, Frederic questioned, was it necessary to be so strict? It would be the first and only glass that day, and was it not a rudeness to decline? It was strange that Emily Russel should be the tempter to wrong, she who stood so near his ideal of perfection. *Could she* offer anything that was not pure and right? "No!" he said to himself, "I would peril my life again for her, but I will not peril my principles. She knows not what she doing; this is mere conformity to custom. She cannot have weighed the consequences as I have done." These thoughts flashed through his mind while Marston was most politely sipping the fatal glass which wrought his already over-tasked brain to the pitch of intoxication.

"Do you never take wine, Mr. Lawrence? Or, is it only for the present occasion that you refuse?"

"I could not decline it from your hand, Miss Russel, except in obedience to a resolution long since formed."

"In that case it would be wrong to urge you," replied Emily, but a slight shade, either of disappointment or displeasure remained upon her brow.

Marston's talk now so clearly revealed his mental condition, that it seemed expedient to Lawrence to hasten their departure. This, however, was no easy task; for he was so stupidly contented, draining glass after glass, stammering his unmeaning compliments, and becoming every moment more satisfied with himself and complacent toward others, that it required almost force to withdraw him from the room. Emily's face grew pale with terror at this most abhorrent of sights, brought into her immediate presence; and her imploring looks said to Lawrence what she dared not say in words, asking to be relieved of the painful scene.

At last he yielded to Frederic's persua-

sions, and as they emerged into the cold night air, a glimmering consciousness of his condition seemed to dawn upon him.

"Where am I, and what have I been doing?" he exclaimed, seizing Frederic's arm for support, though the latter would gladly have kept at a greater distance.

"What you may be sorry for to-morrow morning," he replied. "And now, if you will tell me where your home is, I will see you there; for you will never be able to find it alone."

"They walked a few squares in silence, proceeding from shame in the one, and disgust in the other; when Lawrence, after seeing Marston safely deposited on his own doorsteps, took his leave.

As he pondered the incidents of the hour, during his solitary walk, Frederic did not find occasion to alter his resolution with regard to wine-drinking. He had never seen so near an illustration of the degrading effects of such an indulgence, but the decision

which he had formed by reflection, and under the influence of early instruction, seemed fully warranted by the facts in the case. The more closely he viewed the subject, the more it seemed to him a marvel—that any persons, of elevated character, could conscientiously place such temptation in the way of their guests. Yet, on Emily's part, he insisted to himself, it must be a mistake: she could not know till she had seen the effects of the subtle poison. How her father could have sanctioned it, knowing, as he must, the ways of the world, and the temptations of the young, was the problem. He wished he could hear Mr. Russel's opinion on the subject. To ask it now would be too great a liberty.

Yet Mr. Russel, he remembered, was of a wealthy old English family, and, doubtless, to him the custom of wine-drinking was sanctioned by long usage. Perhaps, blinded by early association, he did not readily perceive that what is safe in an equable or

depressing climate, among a staid and unimpassioned people, may be vastly different in a climate where the very air contains sufficient stimulus, and a thousand excitements are driving the people to the verge of insanity, in the mere pursuits of daily life.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LET us turn back to the hospitable mansion, where its youthful mistress is left alone.

“O God! what have I done?” she exclaimed, throwing herself into an arm-chair, and pressing both hands to her throbbing temples; “Is this the result of my attempts at hospitality? Have I been dealing out poison, thinking I was offering a most innocent entertainment? Oh! I am but a child, and motherless; and yet I must bear the responsibility of holding my place in social life, and contributing to the happiness or misery of those who surround me. May God guide me, for I am weak, and the way is dark.”

“How have you enjoyed your New Year’s, my pet?” said her father, as he entered the parlor, on returning from his own calls.

“I should be very ungrateful, dear father,

not to have enjoyed it, when you have done everything to make me happy."

"And yet, by that pale, sober face, you have only tried to be happy, as a matter of duty. You are tired, my darling; a whole day of company is too much for you."

"Oh, no, papa; I am not so feeble as that, but you know I am not used to being the 'Lady of the Manor.'"

"But I see traces of tears. Come, tell me, dear child, has anything happened to trouble you?"

"Not much, papa; but please tell me one thing. Is it right—are you sure it is quite right—to offer wine to our guests?"

"To be sure I am, my child; but what has put that into your little head now?"

"Father, an hour ago Henry Marston was here, and left completely intoxicated."

"He did, the dog! then he shall never enter my house again, to insult my daughter in that way. Were you alone when he called?"

"No, father; Mr. Lawrence came with him, or else I do not know how he would ever have gone away. I could do nothing, of course."

"I will not leave you alone again, my child. I did not think I was exposing you to such a trial when I wished you to receive our friends to-day."

"I was thinking not of the trial, but the wrong of the thing. If does seem to me, father, that it is doing injustice to our guests to place such a temptation in their way."

"It is on their own responsibility if they yield to the temptation, Emmie."

"But, father, is it not considered rude to refuse wine, when offered by a lady? I confess I was foolish enough to think so when Mr. Lawrence declined it; but, as I have thought it over since they went away, it appears in a very different light."

"Lawrence declined it from you? Well, he does not know yet what belongs to good manners; or else that conscience of his is

making a monk of him. He is a little too rigid now and then, but I like him vastly for all that ; don't you, puss ?”

“ Of course I do, father ; but that is a matter of gratitude, too, you know. But, father, I believe he is quite right on the wine question. If a gentleman has from fifty to a hundred calls to make, and civility requires him to drink wine at every place, I really don't see how he can be held responsible for the possession of his faculties at the end of the time.”

“ You make too many allowances, my dear, for other people's failings. If a man has not sense enough to control his actions, he has no right to venture into the presence of ladies. Most persons can take as much wine as civility requires, without making fools of themselves.”

“ At all events, dear father, I cannot be again in the least degree responsible for such a result. I know why you wanted me to have wine on the table ; you wished to

provide everything that the most generous hospitality could require ; but, if you are willing, I would rather dispense with this one thing hereafter. There are enough other articles which answer all the purpose, and are perfectly harmless. I will take all the reproach, if there be any ; but I cannot again incur the remorse I have suffered this evening."

" My poor little dove ! if you hold yourself responsible for all the evil-doings you are compelled to witness, you will be miserable indeed. You will not find all the world as pure and sensitive as your own little conscience. But of one thing be sure, your father never will urge you to do that which gives you pain ; so let us forget the troubles of the evening, and talk of something more pleasant. Which do you like the best, Marston, or Lawrence, Emmie ?"

" You know which I have reason to like best to-night, papa."

" Certainly, but forget that now, darling :

you shall never see Henry Marston again until he has made suitable apologies to me."

"I think it would be better to say nothing about it, father; only I will decline seeing him if he calls again. I have no right to make any complaint of this evening's incident, since the blame was partly mine; but I have wished for several weeks past, that something would happen to prevent his calling."

"Why, Emmie?"

"I think, father," replied Emily, the color deepening in her cheeks, "perhaps I am wrong to have thought so, but it seems to me he presumes too much upon the acquaintance which we have always had with his family."

"Which acquaintance you do not wish to extend to him?"

"No, papa; for as I told you, I do not like him much."

"Well, do as you please, my dear; I am

rather inclined to agree with you there. But tell me, how do you like Lawrence?"

"Much better, papa. It seems to me one might trust him as a friend, and have perfect confidence in his principles and judgment in all cases."

"He has not found out yet that your old father is rich, eh?"

"I don't know, papa; if he has, he treats me with no more deference than he would any other lady. But, father, do you know it isn't quite pleasant to feel under so deep obligations to an almost stranger?"

"He has not reminded you of it, I hope?"

"Oh, no, indeed! he has never made the remotest allusion to it, except when you have introduced the subject, and then he seems to regard the service he rendered as a mere matter of course."

"I think, then, you need not trouble yourself about the obligation, Emmie. Between generous souls gratitude is no burden. I shall do all I can to advance his interests,

not imagining, any more than you do, that the life of my darling is to be purchased or paid for by any amount of pecuniary service. It would be an insult to regard my efforts in his behalf, in the character of a reward ; we will place it all on the friendly basis of mutual service. I wish, Emmie, you were acquainted with Lawrence's sister."

"Have you seen her, papa?"

"I had a moment's glimpse of her when I called some weeks ago. She appears like a lovely girl, and just about your own age. From her brother's account of her, I should think she was just the companion you want. You are not so exclusive, I suppose, as to desire only wealthy acquaintances?"

"I am not quite so foolish yet, I hope. In fact, papa, I have come to the conclusion to-night that I don't like people who have always been rich."

"I have never been very poor, Emmie."

"Well, I rather like you, papa, but then that is different. You do not think it is the

chief end of life to make a dash in society. Besides, you made your own fortune, or the most of it, and there is some independence in that."

"Why, you have quite a fancy for enterprising youths. I hope I shall not find you have run away one of these moonlight nights with some Young America who is going to make his fortune in California."

"I don't think I shall run away with anybody to leave my papa all alone. No, I am going to stay and be your housekeeper all my days."

"I shall not be willing to part with my little housekeeper just at present. But, in the meantime, I do not wish to keep you mewed up here alone; I would gather around you as many pleasant companions of your own age as possible. But I will confess to you, my dear little girl, that I have wanted to keep you aloof from general society, such as it is here in the city. It dissipates the mind and renders the heart shallow. I be-

lieve you are now old enough to select for yourself, and will not be dazzled by the vain show of wealth and gayety."

"Because you have given me the opportunity, dear father, to appreciate something better. You have shown me what there is in the world of real beauty and grandeur and nobility of soul; and you could not expect that I would come back to be satisfied with mere fashionable life. I feel now the need of friends who will help me to improve."

"That is the true use of companionships—choose your friends slowly and with care. Do not be in too great haste to have a large circle of acquaintances. You will gradually be surrounded with a pleasant and profitable society of your own. To begin, I am quite sure you will find Miss Addie Lawrence one whose tastes will be congenial to yours, and perhaps you can help each other in your favorite pursuits."

CHAPTER XXVII.

WITH the beginning of the year, Frederic Lawrence entered his new position as clerk in the publishing house of Russel, Howard & Co. The change was a most agreeable one to him, for a very different spirit pervaded the establishment from that which governed the contracted dealings of his former employers. The firm of which Mr. Russel had been the founder was still governed by the liberal principles of action which characterized his own conduct. The numerous clerks employed were treated with such generous confidence, that their interests seemed identified with those of their employers, and the selfishness which usually governs business transactions had little room to show itself. Frederic rejoiced in the

realization of his idea of what a commercial establishment might and ought to be.

Added to this, the employment itself was far more to his taste than the one he had left. From the principle of association, the very names and aspect of books had a charm for him; and the mention of a favorite author would call up so many pleasant images, that the mere details of debt and credit borrowed a brightness from it. This is perhaps the best use of imagination, to gild with its own light the dull common-places of "work-day life."

In the meantime our hero had not lost his place in the esteem of Mr. Russel. This gentleman, the more closely he observed the conduct of his young friend, admired the more his intelligence and ready tact in commercial affairs, and above all his scrupulous fidelity in the performance of duty. These were distinguishing traits in his own character, and had contributed largely to his success. Such qualities furnished a ready pass-

port to his favor, and wherever found, he marked their possession as one to be encouraged and assisted, if need were. In the present case he wished to cultivate the acquaintance not only in a business way, but socially. Frederic received a cordial invitation to call often and familiarly, an invitation which he was glad to accept.

Not that Frederic entertained any plans or hopes for the future, as connected with Emily Russel. With the routine of daily duty had returned the sober and sensible views of life upon which he had always acted. To perform faithfully and well the duties of a son and brother, was enough, he concluded, to occupy his thoughts for many years to come ; it would be simply absurd to contemplate any higher social responsibility. If the image of Emily now appeared to his mind as very near the ideal of perfected humanity, it was viewed with that sober satisfaction with which we dream of angels, while we trudge patiently along with mor

tals the dusty pathways of every-day life. It is pleasant to think that some are perfect though ourselves are not, and though we may not live in their presence.

“Calling again on your friends in New York?” Addie inquired, as her brother returned late one evening in the spring. “I am more than half jealous of your valued acquaintance there, Fred. Fourteenth street will have more attractions for you than home.”

“Don’t be afraid, sister mine, that any place or any person will ever destroy the attractions of home for me. I think you have no great reason to be alarmed, for I have not been there since New Year’s. But Mr. Russel has so cordially invited me to call, and evidently with so much sincerity”—

“That out of disinterested regard for Mr. Russel’s wishes, and in gratitude for his kindness to you, you have felt really obliged to comply with his request. You’re a model of self-sacrifice, Fred.”

"I want you to go with me the next time I call there. Miss Russel sent a very polite and cordial invitation to you."

"I don't like to call on rich people, Fred. Not from any silly feeling of inferiority; for you well know I value myself neither more nor less for being poor; but I hate anything that could possibly seem like aspiring to what is called a higher level in society."

"So do I, Addie; I have pride enough to stand on my own character, I hope, without regard to the mere accident of wealth or poverty. If I thought any such distinction was regarded by Mr. Russel, I would never enter his house. But you will find them very different from most of our acquaintances who are wealthy. They seem to forget the fact themselves, and use money only as a means of comfort and refinement. Miss Russel has little or nothing to do with fashionable society, and from choice, because she has a taste for something higher. She told

me that she had very few friends, as yet, in the city, and would be glad to make your acquaintance."

"Well, Fred, I shall be happy to go. I really have some interest in meeting Miss Russel, since she has taken your fancy so completely. But whose call do you think you have lost, by being away this evening?"

"I cannot guess, so you will have to tell me."

"Your two companions in your European travels."

"What: Charley Mason home again?"

"Yes, and Mr. Miller, who, it seems, is to remain some time in the city. They were disappointed, of course, not to meet you, but promised to call again, very soon."

The call was made at Mr. Russel's before many weeks, and greatly to the satisfaction of all parties. Emily and Addie had too many tastes in common, to need a long time for the forming of an acquaintance. They had read the same books, were interested in

the same subjects, and, within half an hour, both seemed to have forgotten that they had been strangers, and were chatting as familiarly as friends for a lifetime. Nothing could be further from the thoughts of either than the vulgar distinction of wealth which fashion might have interposed between them. Emily began to feel the true pleasure of congenial society ; and admitted that a little circle of friends like these might add even to the attractions of home. When the visitors left, at an early hour, it was with a cordial invitation to repeat the visit soon and frequently.

Addie's call was soon returned, and from that time a frequent interchange of calls and visits was maintained between the two. Addie was one year the younger, but the self-reliance which circumstances had rendered necessary had given a strength and maturity to her character which more than balanced the difference of age. In those accomplishments which demand wealth and leisure for

their acquirement, Emily was of course the superior, while Addie had all the native taste which led her to appreciate these excellencies in her friend, without the low selfishness which would have envied her their possession.

Many a pleasant Saturday, when released from her duties as teacher; Addie spent with her friend in their favorite occupations; and at evening Fred would call, on his return from business, to escort his sister home. These days were long to be remembered by both the friends, as among the brightest spots in life. They sang together their favorite songs, Emily accompanying with her harp or piano; together they visited the galleries of paintings, enjoying all the treasures of art which the city could afford; and still more pleasantly they spent whole days in Mr. Russel's well-furnished library, reading in company their favorite books, or talking, over their needlework, of various subjects suggested by their reading. Addie

was never tired of hearing, nor Emily of describing, the various scenes she had witnessed in Europe ; the grandeur of the Alps, and the beauty of the Italian lakes and sunsets ; the wonders of art in the cities of Italy and France ; the persons of distinction of whom both had often heard, and whom Emily had seen. Both seemed to enjoy the pleasures of the tour without its perils.

The studies in which each had been separately interested had a double charm, from being shared with a sympathizing companion ; and, as in all true friendships, both were made better and happier by the intercourse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE Christmas holidays were again approaching—the season for social cheer and renewed tokens of home affection. Costly gifts are interchanged where fortune favors; but more valued still are the humbler offerings purchased by cheerful self-denial. Many a son or brother, who through the whole year has not indulged himself in a single article of luxury, grows suddenly extravagant in behalf of the loved ones at home; and treasures far too valuable for one's own use, are only too trifling as expressions of remembrance to another.

Frederic, too, had been plotting, and on a larger scale even than the good Santa Claus, all whose gifts are supposed to come through the chimney.

“I have an idea in my head, Addie,” said

he, one evening in December. Their mother had just retired, leaving the brother and sister by the glowing grate in the sitting room.

"An idea! is it possible? Let me congratulate you on so unusual a possession."

"Yes, an idea, and, if realized, it will be a possession, too, for us all. What's more, I want you to help me carry out my plan."

"At your service, then—what is the plan?"

"Addie, do you remember the house in Vernon avenue, where we used to live?"

"I know the house very well, though I don't remember living there."

"We were both born there, you know. It was the only house father ever owned, and a beautiful little place it was. Father was obliged to give it up, on account of some losses in business, and then we came here. You were only three years old, so it is not strange you do not remember the place."

"I have often heard mother speak of it.

It was only this fall we were walking past it one day ; it was standing vacant then. Mother said that, until very lately, she could not bear to see the house ; it reminded her too painfully of old times. But what has this to do with your plan, Fred ?”

“A great deal, since it is the very object of my plan. The fact is, Addie, I am going to buy that house.”

“Buy a house, Fred ! I thought you were a sober youth. Now you must be crazy.”

“Not so bad as that, sis. I don’t intend to go into any wild schemes, or involve us in any embarrassments. I have the whole thing planned and arranged with Mr. Smith, who is the owner of the house. In the first place, you know, it costs less in the end to buy a house than to rent one. Then you did not know, I suppose, that I have been laying aside something every month this year for that very purpose.”

“Laying aside from what, pray ?”

‘ From my salary, to be sure. Perhaps I

was wrong not to tell you, that it was raised again six months ago, and it has always been better, you know, than I ever had at the old place. It was too bad, as I thought then, to leave so much of the burden of our support upon you; but you see I became quite sure that I could carry out my plan; and then, with a house of our own, and no rent to pay, my salary will be amply sufficient for our support; so you may give up school-teaching as soon as you please."

"And so you have been plotting and planning all this long year, without letting me into your secret. I do think, Fred, it is quite an enterprise to be buying a house out of a clerk's salary. How many others, with the same income, do you think would undertake the same thing?"

"Not those who want to spend more than their income in wine and cigars, and fast horses. If I prefer different amusements, that is a mere matter of taste, you know. But how do you like my plan?"

"Grandly, of course ; but I really don't see how you can carry it out."

"I can though, as you shall see in the end. With what I have laid aside, and what I can spare now, I shall pay eight hundred dollars at once, and the rest will remain on mortgage, the interest of which will be much less than our present rent. If I live, I am certain of discharging the whole amount in two years. But the hardest part will come upon you. The house must be furnished, you know, and all in two weeks."

"Oh! I shall like that so much! But how shall we manage it without mother's knowledge?"

"If she would only make some one a visit during the holidays. Cannot you persuade her to do so?"

"Yes ; now I remember, she was wanting to visit our friends in Massachusetts. I will coax her to go the week when I am out of school, and then we can move, and get everything arranged. I wish we could make

everything look just as it used to be. How can we find out about that?"

"I have been taxing my memory for the last few days, and I find I have quite a distinct recollection of most of the rooms. It was a beautiful place then, Addie."

"It is beautiful now—outside, at least. It will not be quite so pleasant in the winter, but in the spring we will have the garden all in bloom, and then it will be delightful."

Mrs. Lawrence was easily persuaded to make a week's visit to a friend in New England, and Addie engaged most earnestly in the work of removal. The carpets, which were most worn, must be replaced by new ones, and Fred's memory was tasked to the utmost to select those, as nearly as possible, like the old ones. The time-honored articles of furniture were set in their old familiar places; everything rubbed and polished, till the whole room seemed glowing with satisfaction.

By the last day of the year the work was done, the new house in complete order, and the old, empty and deserted. As Addie stood in the parlor, with the key in her hand, taking the last look at her home of many years, the door-bell rang, and Emily Russel appeared.

"This accounts for your long absence, you little culprit," said she gayly. "Here I have been expecting you all the week, knowing you were out of school; and it seems you have been taking advantage of mamma's absence to cut up all sorts of freaks in the way of housekeeping. What, you have a fancy for primitive simplicity, and are going to receive your guests to-morrow on bare floors. That furthers my plans though, so I shall not scold."

"Yes, you cannot imagine what domestic revolutions Fred and I have been plotting. We have taken the opportunity while mother was absent to migrate from one nest into another. But if you are not too tired

perhaps you will walk with me to our new home ; it is not so very far."

It was a clear and beautiful winter morning ; the bracing air added to the enjoyment of the walk, and our two young friends, in high spirits, chatted merrily over their plans. Emily entered heartily into the interest of the movement, only regretting that she could not have assisted in its accomplishment.

" Oh ! Addie, if I had a mother to work for, it seems to me I never could know another wish."

" But you have the same pleasure, dear Emily, in contributing to the happiness of your father. You know you are everything in the world to him."

" I know it, Addie ; and never was there a kinder, more indulgent father. He seems to live only to make me happy ; and I fear sometimes I shall grow selfish from being so indulged. But oh ! Addie, you cannot know how much I need a mother's sympathy and

counsel. I feel it to day more than ever. I came to see if you would not spend to-morrow with me, and help me receive my calls ; but I see I must not ask this, since you have so much to enjoy in your own new home."

"But why do you need any help, dear Emmie? You have so pleasant a circle of acquaintances that I am sure you will enjoy the day."

"I was alone last New Year's, Addie, and I hope never to pass such a day again. It will be different to-morrow ; and it was partly for that reason that I wanted to have you with me. Father has at last consented to let me do without wine upon our table this year, though he has always considered it essential to a complete entertainment. I do not and cannot think it is right, from my experience last year. Now, you know, having had my own way in this, I would not for the world fail in any other respect, of entertaining our guests agreeably.

"I should be of no assistance to you, Emmie, for I know far less of social customs than you. But I am sure you cannot fail of doing your part well. Here we are now, at our new home, and Maggie is looking out of the window waiting for me."

"What a charming place!" said Emily, as they ascended the steps of the south piazza, over which vines and rosebushes were trained, leafless now, but giving promise of future loveliness.

"And how beautifully you have arranged everything!" she continued, as they entered the little parlor. Maggie had kindled a blazing fire in the grate; and the whole room was the picture of cheerfulness and comfort. The folds of the snowy muslin window-curtains had been arranged for the fiftieth time at least, by Addie's careful fingers; the position of every article had been studied with reference to artistic effect and the most fastidious taste could hardly have suggested an improvement.

"Why did you not let me come and help you?" asked Emily, as they passed from room to room.

"I wanted very much to see you, but could not find the time either to go or send, I have been so busy every moment of every day. There is only one thing left to be done, and that is, to arrange our books in the little library back of the parlors. Let us do that before dinner, and then we will spend the afternoon as we usually do, in reading and sewing. You must help me by being my guest to-day, the last day of my housekeeping."

The long expected morning of the New Year at last dawned. Mrs. Lawrence was expected by the early boat, and Fred was on the dock before its arrival, eagerly waiting to conduct her to their new home.

"It was not necessary to come with a carriage, my son, the distance is so short."

"But I wanted it, this morning, for once, mother; you will not object."

They rode on for some minutes, talking busily of the journey, and the friends she had left, Fred doing his utmost to absorb his mother in conversation. At last she said :

“ We are going too far, Fred.”

“ I think not, mother.”

“ But I am sure of it, my son, and we are very far from the right street.”

“ Mother, would you be very much displeased, if Addie and I had taken a great responsibility while you were away?—if we had even taken another house without consulting you?”

Before there was time for a reply, the carriage stopped before the familiar door; and Addie stood upon the piazza to welcome her mother to her long lost home.

“ My children! What does this mean?”

“ That this place is yours again, dear mother. I have bought it, and it shall be our home while we live.”

The benevolent Santa Claus looked upon few happier groups that morning than the

one which assembled in the little breakfast room, for the repast which Addie had prepared with her utmost skill. The place naturally suggested old scenes and thoughts to the mother's mind.

"It is like a dream," said she, "that so many years have passed, and you who were little children when we left here, are now grown up to manhood and womanhood."

"I well remember the day we left," said Frederic. "Though too much a child to understand the reasons, I knew you were sad at leaving the old home ; and I thought then, mother, that when I was a man, I would buy it for you again."

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEARLY five years have passed, with but few outward changes in the condition of the subjects of our story. The young people have not yet grown old, though, it may be, all have been advancing in the discipline of life, nearer to its great object. Success has crowned the efforts of Frederic Lawrence, and many cherished plans which he had proposed to himself in the conduct of life, have been attained. A moment's call at the two dwellings which we have before visited, will perhaps give us some idea of the true state of affairs.

Let us look first into Mr. Russel's parlor, where he sits with his daughter, on a beautiful evening in June. The gas is not yet lighted. Emily is sitting by an open window, with downcast eyes, wrapped in the

moonlight and her own busy thoughts. Her father breaks the silence.

"Has Lawrence been here to-day, Emily?"

"Yes, father."

"And has opened the same subject to you that he did to me this morning?"

"I suppose so, father."

"And what have you told him?"

"That I could never leave you, nor make any new arrangement that would interfere with my duty to you."

"Remember that I cannot always stay with you, Emmie. I am growing old, darling, and I wish to know that you will be cared for when I am gone. There is no one to whose protection I could so cheerfully entrust my child as Lawrence, no one in whose honor and goodness I could have such perfect confidence. Tell me, my Emily, you will not disappoint me in this!"

"Father," said Emily, in a trembling voice, "I regard Frederic Lawrence as a true and faithful friend, and I shall never

esteem another as highly as I do him ; but I feel that my place is with you ; you must not send me away."

"How would it answer, Emily, if you had a home of your own, and should take your old father to live with you?"

"Would you go, papa?"

"That would alter the case, would it not? I thought so. Well, Emmie, what sort of a home would you like?"

"I hardly care, papa. Any place where you live, and those I love best, would be a pleasant home to me. I have always been happy here, and yet I love the country, you know."

"Do you remember that country seat just beyond B——, that we saw on our ride?"

"The one that was surrounded by those splendid trees, with the sloping grassy lawn on three sides? Yes, father, I remember it very well."

"Would that suit you for a home, Emmie?"

"Oh, it would more than suit me, dear father. I do not need anything so beautiful."

"I thought you would like the situation. It is not more than half a mile from Mrs. Lawrence's; and so you and Addie will be near neighbors. Well, it is yours, my child. I had the deed drawn this afternoon, because it was your birthday. Take it as your birthday gift, and may its association with your father's love, make it a very happy home to you."

"Dear, dear father! you are too kind. How shall I ever thank you enough?"

"By never opposing my wishes on so important a subject. What! you thought of acting over the old scene of wilful child and tyrannical parent. But we have settled the dispute now, have we not, Emmie?"

"I believe so, father."

On the same evening, Mrs. Lawrence and Addie are sitting on the piazza of their quiet suburban home. We must be excused if

here too, we find ourselves listening to family confidences.

"May I know the result of your decision this morning, my daughter," inquires Mrs. Lawrence.

"Had you not guessed what the result would be, mother?"

"I might have done so, had I not remembered another acquaintance of longer standing, which I thought might interfere with this."

"No, mother, that was settled some time ago. I have always liked Charles Mason well enough, as a friend, you know; but, mother, I must love some one who is a great deal wiser and better than I, one who will help me to improve. This, Alfred Miller does. When talking with him, I always feel dissatisfied with my own ignorance, and yet I am never discouraged. It then seems possible that, with time and opportunity, I may become all that I want to be."

"That is, he inspires both hope and as

piration. You are quite right, my child. These very affections which form so important a part of our life, were undoubtedly designed to advance our mental and spiritual growth."

"Shall I interrupt your twilight conversation?" asked Frederic, appearing at the door.

"I presume not," replied his mother, but the three sat some moments, musing in the moonlight, before either spoke. At last Frederic said :

"I have just been thinking, mother, that it is ten years to-day since I left school. How well I remember the day! It seemed then as if all my plans for life were over turned."

"And yet you have been able to form new ones which have been prospered. Perhaps you have even learned some lessons, by means of the disappointment, which you would have missed without it."

"I have learned one thing, at least," Fred

eric replied, "that it is possible to realize the principal ends of life, without having every thing one's own way. It seemed to me then, that without a collegiate course I could never do or be very much in life. Now I begin to think there is something to live for after all."

"A wiser than we has the ordering of our lives," replied his mother. "If we are attentive to His direction, we shall find a thousand means of improvement, where human wisdom could supply but one. All the assistances which institutions of learning can afford, and which, when bestowed upon us, cannot be too highly valued, are at best but a small part of the whole discipline of life. It is a grand system of instruction, which our Heavenly Father has appointed in this world. If we are but disposed to profit by all our opportunities, we shall find that not only the truths of the material creation, but all the events and orderings of our social lives, every friendship, every duty, every

trial and disappointment, will minister to our growth toward the perfection for which God has destined us. The whole world is a school, in which not only mind, but heart and soul, are to be developed ; our lives are the term of instruction, and we graduate when our earthly education is complete, and we are fitted for a higher state of being, a wider sphere, and a larger activity.

THE END.

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